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THE TRAGEDY OF LOCRINE

1595

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THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1908

This reprint of the *Tragedy of Locrine* has been prepared by Ronald B. McKerrow and checked by the General Editor.

Nov. 1908. W. W. Greg.

117766

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Locrine was entered on the Stationers' Register as follows:

xx° die Iulij [1594]

Entred for his Copie vnder thandes of the Wardens. The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine, the eldest sonne of Kinge Brutus. discoursinge the warres of the Brittans &c . . . vj^d Thomas Creede.

[Arber's Transcript, II. 656.]

A quarto printed by Creede himself appeared with the date 1595. The allusion in l. 2277 shows that it cannot have been published before the beginning of 38 Eliz. This fixes the date of issue between 17 Nov. 1595 and 24 March following. Of the quarto there are no less than three copies in the British Museum (C. 34. b. 28, 239. e. 32, and 80. d. 1) besides others in the Bodleian Library and at Trinity College, Cambridge. All five have been collated for the purpose of the present reprint. No variants have been observed. All alike want the first leaf, which was presumably blank. The quarto is printed in roman type of a body closely resembling modern English (20 ll. = 94 mm.).

The play was also included among the additional pieces added to the third folio of Shakespeare's works in 1664. It was printed from the quarto with certain corrections. From the third folio was printed the fourth folio in 1685. A list is given below of the chief readings in which the 1664 folio differs from the quarto. The later folio has only been quoted where there is disagreement

between the earlier folio and the quarto. Neither folio possesses independent authority.

The authorship is doubtful. There clearly exists some intimate connexion between *Locrine* and *Selimus*, several passages being, with slight variations, common to the two plays. *Locrine* also exhibits peculiarities of style belonging to, and lines and phrases occurring in the recognized works of, both Greene and Peele. Whoever may have been the author, the date of composition probably preceded that of publication by almost a decade. The initials W. S. on the title-page of the quarto, which later led to its inclusion among Shakespeare's works, may have been intended to connect the play with his name, though whether more than the overseership was implied is doubtful.

List of Irregular and Doubtful Readings of the Quarto

together with the variants of the Folio of 1664 and the corresponding readings of that of 1685.

F1, 1664 (B.M., 80. l. 3); F2, 1685 (B.M., 643. m. 2); F indicates a reading of F1 not materially altered in F2.

Heading: *om.* lamentable *and all after Brutus.* *F*
1 *Actus Primus. Scena Prima. (similarly in Latin throughout)* *F*
13 ſcaring *F*
16 amid *Q*: among *F*
21 ſtrook, *F*
27 ſcare *F*
34 *Corineius*, *Q*, *F*: *F1 has this spelling generally in the first half of the play: F2 throughout.*
38 of th' Ocean, *F*
49 arrogance, *F*
55 neare *Q*: ne're *F*
64 ſtrangle *Q*: ſtruggle *F*
75 mortalll *Q*: mortal *F*
84 *omitted in F*
87 *Ancora Q*, *F*: *read Aurora*
88 Sun-bright *Q*, *F*: ? *read* Sun, bright
gardiant *Q*, *F*
90 word, *Q*: world, *F*
99 *Corinus Q*, *F1*: *Corineius F2*: *read Corineus*
101 I fear'd not t'yield *F*
102 Cod *Q*: God *F*
thoughts, *F*
105 in your Lordings *F*
c. w. *Thraſi-* *Q*
112 Scareth *F*
115 with his Ixions *Q*, *F*: ? *om.* his
ſoone, *Q*: ſoon, *F*: ? *read* ſonne,
126 *Græcians Q*: *Grecians F*: ? *read Græcias*
137 forcſt *Q*: forc't *F*
138 propound, *Q*, *F2*: propound. *F1*
140 vnto *Q*: into *F*
141 Whereat *F*
Corineius Q, *F*
149 hundred *F*
151 ſtrons *Q*: ſtronds *F*
153 comne *Q*: come *F*
178 thoſe *F*
181 age. *Q*: age: *F*
185 Brethren, *F*
195 inheritance *F*
200 deuolted *Q*: devolted *F*
202 *Bru.* But *F1*: *Brutus.* But *F2*

203 who 2: Who *F*
211 cannot now be *F*
my 2, *F*: ? *read* any
213 ?*read* At their own honour
216 my maydens 2: my pure Maiden *F*: ? *read* any maydens
240 *Iunoger*, 2: *Junoger*, *F*: *read Innogen*,
242 proſeed 2: proceed *F*
247 Yoongſt 2: Youngeſt *F*
252 thoughts, 2: thoughts. *F*
254 among *F*
256 violence, 2, *F*
260 haſteneth *F*
262 o're-caſt *F*
272 ? *read* too too enuious
276 *Demagorgons* 2: *Demagorgon's F*
278 *Lacus*. 2, *F*: read *Eacus*.
279–80 *Rhodomanth*, 2, *F*.
283 *Euridies*, 2: *Euridice*, *F*
285 made the ſtones, birds, beaſts, *F*
287 *Crebus*, 2, *F*: *read Erebus*,
293 *Fleithonus* 2, *F*: *read Tithonus*
296 *Mars*. 2, *F*
297 *Tiſiphone*. 2: *Tiſiphoen*. *F*
304 his coarſe, *F*
307 *Exeunt*. *F*
315 ſaith 2: *om*. *F*
316 Conſultations 2, *F*
aſward 2: arſward *F*
319 my moiſt dainty *F*
324–5 *Cu-prit*, 2: *Cuprit*, *F*
332 heard the voice *F*
336 ſtarve *F*
343 worſt 2, *F*
352 apparell *F*
369 thou hadſt been *F*
406 s.d. *belongs to l.* 408: *F as* 2
457 *Eſtrilo*, 2, *F*: *read Eſtrild*,
468 *Poſthumius F*
469 pitch'd *F*
482 Enthroniz'd *F*
486 bays, *F*
491 *Aſtr*. 2: *Eſtr*. *F*1: *Elſtr*. *F*2
499 muſicke 2, *F*
502 ℔ 2: the *F*
506 comforted 2, *F*: ? *read* conſorted
513 on the waves *F*
515 *Borras* 2: *Boreas F*
532 of Weſt, *F*1: of the Weſt, *F*2
548 *Penthiſilea* 2: *Penthe-ſilea F*
563 the 2: thee *F*
567 *Exeunt*. *F*
568 *The* 2. *Scene*. 2: *Scena Tertia*. *F*
571, 581 *Trom*. *F*
573 ennie 2: envy *F*
581 compare 2: compare: *F*
587 *Trum*. 2: *Trum*. *F*1: *Trom*. *F*2
611 Cobler: 2: Cobler. *F*
615 *Cathues* 2: *Cathnes F*
618 don 2, *F*
631 capoutaile, 2: capontail, *F*
632–3 baſti-nano 2: baſtinado *F*
645 *Thra*. How *F*
689 *omitted in F*
697 *Troialus*, 2: *Troilus*, *F*
711 &c. 2: wild-fire and pitch. *F*
719 Ha? 2: Ha, *F*
720 abominable *F*
721 your ſtate. *F*

738 redifie *Q*: *reedifie*, *F1*: *re-edify*, *F2*
744 your ſtore *F*
763 *Humber Q*: *Humber F*
764 *Cathueſia. Q*: *Cathneſia. F*
772 *Caledon*, *Q*: *Calcedon*, *F1*: *Chalcedon*, *F2*
773 encreaſe *Q*: encreaſe, *F*
774 ſheltiers *Q*: ſhelters *F*
778 *Exit. Q*: *Exeunt. F*: ? *Exit Hubba.*
779 *Enter Albanact, Clownes with him. F*
780 *Alb.* Thou *F*
792 inſolencie, *Q*: inſolency, *F*: ? *read* inſolence,
800 *The ſixt Act. Q*: *Scena Sexta. F*
807 ſquadrants *Q*, *F*
809 As when . . . hundred *F*
810 hundred *F*
822 *Humb. Q*: *Humb. F*
833 *enters . . . kills F*
850 be their *Q*, *F1*: by their *F2*: ? *read* be her
857 *Fhœbus Q*: *Phœbus F*
861 ouerrun *Q*: ouerturn *F*
Caucuſus, *Q*: *Caucaſus*, *F*
871 breathe *F*
threatnings, *Q*, *F*: *read* threatenings,
875 night *Q*, *F*: *read* might
883 fight, *Q*, *F*: ? *read* flight,
887 mors, *Q*: *Mors*, *F*
888 Neu'r *Q*: Ne're *F*
895 *ect Q*: *est F*
902 *Trumpart. F*
903 but I *F*
913 Cook ſhops *F1*: Cook-ſhops *F2*
915 ſcreeking, *Q*, *F*
926 *om. Exeunt. F*
927 *The* 8. *Act. Q*: *Scena Octava. F*: *read The* 7. *Scene.*
944 for this thy *F*
967 th' *Egyptian F*
968 her *Q*, *F*: ? *read* his
997 lightning *F*
1004 traiterous *F*
1025 them *Q*, *F*: ? *read* thence
1036 by the wicked *F*
1039 magnanimious *Q*: mag-nanimous *F*
1054 *Corrineus Q*: *Corineius F*
1057 faires *Q*: Fairies *F*
1066 ceaſe my *F*
1088 *Almanact. Q*: *Albanact. F*
1096 Anb *Q*: And *F*
ſtrew'd *F*
1104 groves that now *F*
1105 ſavour *F*
1115 renowmed *Q*: renown'd *F*
1127 *Siſiphon. Q*: *Syſiphus. F*
1130–1 accidents Makes *Q*, *F1*: accidents Make *F2*
1135 *Tenidos. Q*: *Tenedos. F*
1156 dorth *Q*, *F* (*i. e.* troth)
1187 bridewell, *Q*: *Bridewell*, *F*
1189 your *Q*: you *F*
1214 haſt undone *F*
1222 hembde *Q*: hemm'd *F*
1226 Adament, *Q*: Adamant, *F*
1241 your *Q*, *F*: ? *read* yon
1248 *Troinonant*, *Q*: *Troimovant*, *F1*: *Troinovant*, *F2*
1253–4 doubted knight, *Q*, *F*: *read* doubled night,
1263 unweildy *F*
1267 looſe *Q*, *F1*: loſe *F2*
preſſe, *F*
1290 that they *Q*: they that *F*
1297 breathe *F*
1310 Yea *Q*: You *F1*: Your *F2*

1315 Accompaie Q: Accompany F
1325 *Ceraunia*, Q, F: *read Ceraunia*,
1327 he had F
1328 *Poliphlemus* Q: *Poliphemus* F1: *Polyphemus* F2
1329 *Anthropomphagie* Q, F1: *Anthropophagie* F2: *? read Anthropophagi*
1332 *Albanacts* Q: *Albanact's* F: *? read Albanactus*
1340 *Albany*. Q: *Albany*. F
1345 ile Q: I'le F1: I'll F2
1353 *Then Omphale* F
1368 wore F
1382 triumphanly, Q: triumphantly, F
1385 biood Q: blood F
1426 golden Q: golden Crown, F
1427 ſceptler Q: Scepter F
1432 manortiall Q: mavortiall F
1433 Compaſt Q: Compact F
1459 bee Q: be. F
1462 *Loc.* If F
1465 moue Q: move F: *? read* mone (*i. e.* moan)
1468 being a conquerour, F
1473 mizt Q: mixt F
1477 cought. Q: caught. F
1482 declard, Q: declar'd, F: *? read* declare,
1491 *A ſold.* Q: *Sold.* F
1498 depriv'ſt F
1503 ſttiue Q: ſtrive F
1510 thee Q: thee. F
1515 Better to liue, Q, F: *? read* Better ſo liue, *or* Better to loue,
1530 dead Q: dread F
1539 quit F
1564 ſetled. F
1576 baſiliſkt was hatched Q: Baſilisk hath hatched F
1597 *om.* ſaying F
1598 *St.* How F: *Str.* How F2
1609 I bin Q: I had been F
1629 *He ſits down and pulls out* F
1646, 1647 which Q: Which F
1648–9 *voice ſtarts up, and puts his meat* F
1662 rend F
1669 *He makes* F
1671 *ſtrikes* F
1674 *Exeunt.* F
1691 fro Q, F1: from F2
1695 wiih Q: with F
1702 where Q: Where F
1706 garniſh Q: garniſht F
1722 *ſælici* Q: *ſælici* F
1723 *Eben malorem* Q: *Ebeu malorum* F
1727 pillow-beres, F
1737 *Styx*, F
1741 rend F
1744 ſtarved F
1747 the accurſed gods, F
1749 this deathfull like life F
1761 withem feed F1: with 'em feed F2
1762 leave the tumbling F
1769 *Exeunt.* F
1775 *Tincriis exceſtuat* Q: *Trinacriis exæſtuat* F1: *Trinacris exæſtuat* F2
1784 miſvſ'd, Q: miſus'd, F
1796 by Q: my F
1797 to hapleſs *Albion*, F
1826 *Guendolinas* Q: *Guendolinaes* F1: *Guendelines* F2
1837 ſtrooken Q: ſtrucken F

1840 wert *Q*: were't *F*
1843 I'de ſend *F*
1856 mean'ſt *F*
1858 ugly *F*
1863 þ *Q*: that *F*
1868 vſe *Q*, *F*: ? *read* rule
1872 *om.* vnto *F*
1911 *om.* the *F*
1917 learne *Q*: learnt *F*
1948 ſtands *Q*: ſtand *F*
1970, 2022 *Habren Q*, *F* (*see* List of Characters)
1974 *om.* pettie *F*
1983 *Lac. Q*: *Locr. F*
2021 a ſide. *Q*: *aſide. F*
2034 don *Q*: done *F*
2048 vaſtall *Q*: veſtal *F*
2061, 2076 *alarum. F*
2062 *Thrſimachus*, *Q*: *Thraſimacus*, *F1*: *Thraſimachus*, *F2*
2075 *Simois*, *Q*, *F*: read *Simois.*
2078 *Traynouant Q*: *Troynouant F*
2079 Mounted with courſers *F* withpearles, *Q*: with pearles *F*
2084 *Guendoline F*
2087 curtleaxe, *Q*: curtle axe, *F*: Curtle-Axe, *F2*
2105 haſtenened *Q*: haſtened *F*
2107 Forwell *Q*: Farewell *F*
2110 *Thruſts F*
2116 fortnne, *Q*: fortune, *F*
2120 *om.* as *F*
2131 *Kills* F
2142 in his foul *F*
2144 Natnres *Q*: Natures *F*
2157 glaine, *Q*: glain, *F*: *read* glaiue,
2158 amlieft *Q*: am left *F*
2177 adamintiue *Q*: adamantive *F*: *read* adamantine
2187 corpes *Q*: corps *F*
2209 gtacious Faries *Q*: gracious Fairies *F*
2216 what *Q*: What *F*
2223 fartheſt *F*
2238 thinſt *Q*: think'ſt *F*
2247 This preſent ſtreame *F*
2262 vauts, *Q*: vaults, *F*
2272 ſee *Q*: ſet *F*
2280 wold *Q*: Would *F*

In the quarto the headlines on the versos of B2, C2, D1, E1, F1, G1, H1, I1, and K1 have the misprint *lamentable.* The spelling of the proper names constantly varies in the folios as well as in the quarto. No attempt has been made to record such variations. Evident misprints of the folios have also been disregarded.

List of Characters

in order of appearance.

Ate, as Chorus.
Brutus, King of Britain.
Locrine, Camber, Albanact } his sons.
Assarachus, Corineus } followers of Brutus.
Thrasimachus, son to Corineus.
Guendoline, daughter to Corineus.
Debon, friend to Corineus.
Strumbo, a fantastical cobler.
Trompart, his man.
Dorothy, his love.
Humber, King of Scythia.
Estrild, his wife.
Hubba, his son.
Segar, a Scythian officer.
a Captain under Albanact.
Trussier, a Scythian officer.
Oliver, a rustic.
William, his son.
Margery, his daughter.
the Ghost of Albanact.
two Soldiers.
a Page.
Sabren (or Habren), daughter of Locrine and Estrild.
Madan, son of Locrine and Guendoline.
the Ghost of Corineus.

Scythian soldiers, Lords of Albany, Albanact's soldiers, Locrine's soldiers, Thrasimachus' soldiers.

In the dumb shows: I, a Lion, a Bear, an Archer; II, Perseus, Andromeda, Cepheus, Phineus; III, a Crocodile, a Snake; IV, Omphale, Hercules; V, Jason, Creon's daughter, Medea.

Trussier (or Thrassier) is mentioned as entering at ll. 767 and 928, but has no part assigned to him. Assarachus and Corineus are perhaps intended to be Brutus' brothers, but the relationship is by no means clear; cf. ll. 123, 141, 1555, 1796, 1804. Possibly the 'old Assarachus' whom Brutus calls his 'eame' (l. 123) is another person.

The name 'Habren' which appears in place of Sabren in ll. 1970 and 2022 is an alternative, and according to Harrison (*Description of Britain*, i. 13) the correct form. The spelling of several of the names varies.

THE

Lamentable Tragedie of

Locrine, the eldeſt ſonne of King *Brutus*, diſcourſing the warres of the *Britaines*, and *Hunnes*, with their diſcomfiture:

The Britaines *victorie with their Accidents, and the death of* Albanact. *Noleſſe pleaſant then profitable.*

Newly ſet foorth, ouerſeene and corrected,
By *VV. S.*

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede.
1595.

A 2 RECTO (BODL.)

The lamentable Tragedie

of *Locrine*, the eldeſt ſonne of King *Brutus*, diſcourſing the warres of the *Britaines* and *Hunnes*, *with their diſcomfiture, the* Britaines *victory* with their accidents, and the death of *Albanact*.

The firſt Act. Scene 1.

Enter *Atey* with thunder and lightning all in black, with a burning torch in one hand, and a bloodie ſwoord in the other hand, and preſently let there come foorth a Lion running after a Beare or any other beaſt, then come foorth an Archer who muſt kill the Lion in a dumbe ſhow, and then depart. Remaine *Atey*.

Atey.

In pœnam ſectatur & Vmbra.

A Mightie Lion ruler of the woods,
Of wondrous ſtrength and great proportion,
With hideous noyſe ſcarring the trembling trees,
With yelling clamors ſhaking all the earth,

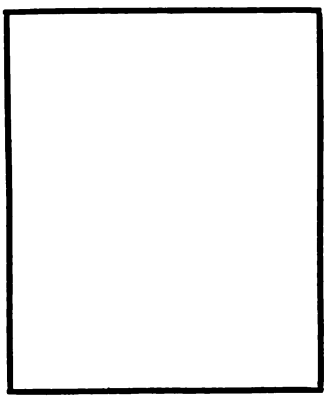
THE

Lamentable Tragedie of

Locrine, the eldeſt ſonne of King *Brutus*, diſcourſing the warres of the *Britaines*, and *Hunnes*, with their diſcomfiture:

The Britaines *victorie with their Accidents, and the death of* Albanact. *No leſſe pleaſant then profitable.*

Newly ſet foorth, ouerſeene and corrected,
By *VV. S.*



LONDON
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The lamentable Tragedie

of *Locrine*, the eldeſt ſonne of King *Brutus*, diſcourſing the warres of the *Britaines* and *Hunnes*, *with their diſcomfiture, the* Britaines *victory* with their accidents, and the death of *Albanact.*

The firſt Act. Scene 1. *Act I sc. i*

Enter *Atey* with thunder and lightning all in black, with a burning torch in one hand, and a bloodie ſwoord in the other hand, and preſently let there come foorth a Lion running after a Beare or any other beaſt, then come foorth an Archer who muſt kill the Lion in a dumbe ſhow, and then depart. Remaine *Atey.*

Atey.

In pœnam ſectatur & Vmbra.

A Mightie Lion ruler of the woods,
Of wondrous ſtrength and great proportion,
With hideous noyſe ſcarring the trembling trees,
With yelling clamors ſhaking all the earth,

Trauerſt the groues, and chaſt the wandring beaſts.
Long did he raunge amid the ſhadie trees,
And draue the ſilly beaſts before his face,
When ſuddeinly from out a thornie buſh,
A dreadfull Archer with his bow ybent,
Wounded the Lion with a diſmall ſhaft,
So he him ſtroke that it drew forth the blood,
And fild his furious heart with fretting yre,
But all in vaine he threatneth teeth and pawes,
And ſparkleth fire from forth his flaming eies,
For the ſharpe ſhaft gaue him a mortall wound,
So valiant *Brute* the terror of the world,
Whoſe only lookes did ſcarre his enemies,
The Archer death brought to his lateſt end.
Oh what may long abide aboue this ground,
In ſtate of bliſſe and healthfull happineſſe.

Exit.

Act I sc. ii

The firſt Act. Scene. 2.

Enter *Brutus* carried in a chaire, *Locrine*, *Camber*, *Albanact*, *Corineius*, *Guendelin*, *Aſſaracus*, *Debon*, *Thraſimachus*.

Brutus. Moſt loyall Lords and faithful followers
That haue with me vnworthie Generall,
Paſſed the greedie gulfe of *Ocean*,
Leauing the confines of faire *Italie*,
Behold your *Brutus* draweth nigh his end,
And I muſt leaue you though againſt my will,
My ſinewes ſhrunke, my numbed ſences faile,
A chilling cold poſſeſſeth all my bones,

Blacke

Blacke vgly death with viſage pale and wanne,
Preſents himſelfe before my dazeled eies,
And with his dart prepared is to ſtrike,
Theſe armes my Lords, theſe neuer daunted armes,
That oft haue queld the courage of my foes,
And eke diſmayd my neighbours arrogancie,
Now yeeld to death, orelaid with crooked age,
Deuoyd of ſtrength and of their proper force,
Euen as the luſtie cedar worne with yeares,
That farre abroad her daintie odore throwes,
Mongſt all the daughters of proud Lebanon,
This heart my Lords, this neare appalled heart,
That was a terror to the bordring lands,
A dolefull ſcourge vnto my neighbor Kings,
Now by the weapons of vnpartiall death,
Is cloue aſunder and bereft of life,
As when the ſacred oake with thunderbolts,
Sent from the fiery circuit of the heauens,
Sliding along the aires celeſtiall valts,
Is rent and clouen to the verie rootes.
In vaine therefore I ſtrangle with this foe,
Then welcome death, ſince God will haue it ſo.

Aſſar. Alaſſe my Lord, we ſorrow at your caſe,
And greeue to ſee your perſon vexed thus,
But what ſo ere the fates determind haue,
It lieth not in vs to diſanull,
And he that would annihillate his minde,
Soaring with *Icarus* too neare the Sunne,
May catch a fall with yoong *Bellerophon*,
For when the fatall ſiſters haue decreed
To ſeperate vs from this earthly mould,

No

No mortalll force can countermaund their minds:
Then worthie Lord ſince ther's no way but one,
Ceaſe your laments, and leaue your grieuous mone.
Corin. Your highneſſe knows how many victories
How many trophees I erected haue,
Tryumphantly in euery place we came
The Grecian Monarke warlike *Pandraſſus*,
And all the crew of the Moloſsians,
Goffarius the arme ſtrong King of *Gaules*,
And all the borders of great *Aquitane*,
Haue felt the force of our victorious armes,
And to their coſt beheld our chiualrie,
Where ere *Ancora* handmayd of the Sunne,
Where ere the Sun-bright gardiant of the day,
Where ere the ioyfull day with chearfull light,
Where ere the light illuminates the word,
The Troyans glorie flies with golden wings,
Wings that do ſoare beyond fell enuious flight,
The fame of *Brutus* and his followers
Pearceth the skies, and with the skies the throne
Of mightie *Ioue* Commaunder of the world,
Then worthie *Brutus*, leaue theſe ſad laments,
Comfort your ſelfe with this your great renowne,
And feare not death though he ſeeme terrible.
Brutus. Nay *Corinus* you miſtake my mynd
In conſtruing wrong the cauſe of my complaints,
I feard to yeeld my ſelfe to fatall death,
Cod knowes it was the leaſt of all my thought,
A greater care torments my verie bones,
And makes me tremble at the thought of it,
And in you Lordings doth the ſubſtance lie.

Thraſi-

Thraſi. Moſt noble Lord, if ought your loyall
Accompliſh may, to eaſe your lingring grief, (peers
I in the name of all proteſt to you,
That we will boldly enterpriſe the ſame,
Were it to enter to black *Tartarus*,
Where triple *Cerberus* with his venomous throte,
Scarreth the ghoaſts with high reſounding noyſe,
Wele either rent the bowels of the earth,
Searching the entrailes of the brutiſh earth,
Or with his Ixions ouerdaring ſoone,
Be bound in chaines of euerduring ſteele.

Bru. Thē harken to your ſoueraigns lateſt words,
In which I will vnto you all vnfold,
Our royall mind and reſolute intent,
When golden *Hebe* daughter to great *Ioue*,
Couered my manly cheeks with youthful downe,
Th'vnhappie ſlaughter of my luckleſſe ſire,
Droue me and old *Aſſarachus* mine eame,
As exiles from the bounds of *Italy*,
So that perforce we were conſtraind to flie
To *Græcians* Monarke noble *Pandraſſus*,
There I alone did vndertake your cauſe,
There I reſtord your antique libertie,
Though *Grecia* fround, and all *Molloſsia* ſtormd,
Though braue *Antigonus* with martiall band,
In pitched field encountred me and mine,
Though *Pandraſſus* and his contributories,
With all the rout of their confederates,
Sought to deface our glorious memorie,
And wipe the name of *Troians* from the earth,
Him did I captiuate with this mine arme,

And by compulſion forcſt him to agree
To certain artickles which there we did propound,
From *Græcia* through the boiſterous *Helleſpont*,
We came vnto the fields of *Lestrigon*,
Whereas our brother *Corineius* was,
Which when we paſſed the *Cicillian* gulfe,
And ſo transfretting the *Illician* ſea,
Arriued on the coaſts of *Aquitane*,
Where with an armie of his barbarous *Gaules*
Goffarius and his brother *Gathelus*
Encountring with our hoaſt, ſuſtaind the foile,
And for your ſakes my *Turnus* there I loſt,
Turnus that ſlew ſix hundreth men at armes
All in an houre, with his ſharpe battle-axe,
From thence vpon the ſtrons of *Albion*
To *Corus* hauen happily we came,
And queld the giants, comne of *Albions* race,
With *Gogmagog* ſonne to *Samotheus*,
The curſed Captaine of that damned crew,
And in that Ile at length I placed you.
Now let me ſee if my laborious toiles,
If all my care, if all my greeuous wounds,
If all my diligence were well imploid.
Corin. When firſt I followed thee & thine (braue
I hazarded my life and deareſt blood, (king)
To purchace fauour at your princely hands,
And for the ſame in daungerous attempts
In ſundry conflicts and in diuers broiles,
I ſhewd the courage of my manly mind,
For this I combated with *Gathelus*,
The brother to *Goffarius* of *Gaule*,

For

For this I fought with furious *Gogmagog*,
A ſauage captaine of a ſauage crew,
And for theſe deeds braue *Cornwale* I receiu'd,
A gratefull gift giuen by a gratious King,
And for this gift, this life and deareſt blood,
Will *Corineus* ſpend for *Brutus* good.
Deb. And what my frend braue prince hath voud
The ſame wil *Debon* do vnto his end. (to you,
Bru. Then loyall peeres ſince you are all agreed,
And reſolute to follow *Brutus* hoaſts,
Fauour my ſonnes, fauour theſe *Orphans* Lords,
And ſhield them from the daungers of their foes,
Locrine the columne of my familie,
And onely piller of my weakned age.
Locrine draw neare, draw neare vnto thy ſire,
And take thy lateſt bleſsings at his hands,
And for thou art the eldeſt of my ſonnes,
Be thou a captaine to thy bretheren,
And imitate thy aged fathers ſteps,
Which will conduct thee to true honors gate,
For if thou follow ſacred vertues lore,
Thou ſhalt be crowned with a lawrell braunch,
And weare a wreath of ſempiternall fame,
Sorted amongſt the glorious happie ones.
Locrin. If *Locrine* do not follow your aduiſe,
And beare himſelfe in all things like a prince
That ſeekes to amplifie the great renowne
Left vnto him for an inheritage
By thoſe that were his anceſtors,
Let me be flung into the Ocean,
And ſwallowed in the bowels of the earth.

Or let the ruddie lightning of great *Ioue*,
Deſcend vpon this my deuolted head.
Brutus taking *Guendoline* by the hand.
But for I ſee you all to be in doubt,
who ſhall be matched with our royall ſonne,
Locrine receiue this preſent at my hand,
A gift more rich then are the wealthie mines
Found in the bowels of *America*,
Thou ſhalt be ſpouſed to faire *Guendoline*,
Loue her, and take her, for ſhe is thine owne,
If ſo thy vnckle and her ſelfe do pleaſe.
Corin. And herein how your highnes honors me
It cannot be in my ſpeech expreſt,
For carefull parents glorie not ſo much
At their honour and promotion,
As for to ſee the iſſue of their blood
Seated in honor and proſperitie.
Guend. And far be it from my maydens thoughts
To contradict her aged fathers will,
Therefore ſince he to whom I muſt obey
Hath giuen me now vnto your royall ſelfe,
I will not ſtand aloofe from off the lure,
Like craftie dames that moſt of all deny
That, which they moſt deſire to poſſeſſe.
Brutus turning to *Locrine*.
Locrine kneeling.
Then now my ſonne thy part is on the ſtage,
For thou muſt beare the perſon of a King.
Puts the Crowne on his head.
Locrine ſtand vp, and weare the regall Crowne,
And thinke vpon the ſtate of Maieſtie,

That

That thou with honor well maiſt weare the crown,
And if thou tendreſt theſe my lateſt words,
As thou requirſt my ſoule to be at reſt,
As thou deſireſt thine owne ſecuritie,
Cheriſh and loue thy new betrothed wife.
Locrin. No longer let me wel enioy the crowne,
Then I do peerleſſe *Guendoline.*
Brut. Camber.
Cam. My Lord.
Brut. The glorie of mine age,
And darling of thy mother *Iunoger,*
Take thou the South for thy dominion,
From thee there ſhall proſeed a royall race,
That ſhall maintaine the honor of this land,
That ſway the regall ſcepter with their hands.
Turning to *Albanact.*
And *Albanact* thy fathers onely ioy,
Yoongſt in yeares, but not the yoongſt in mind,
A perfect patterne of all chiualrie,
Take thou the North for thy dominion,
A country full of hills and ragged rockes,
Repleniſhed with fearce vntamed beaſts,
As correſpondent to thy martiall thoughts,
Liue long my ſonnes with endleſſe happineſſe,
And beare firme concordance amongſt your ſelues,
Obey the counſels of theſe fathers graue,
That you may better beare out violence,
But ſuddeinly through weakneſſe of my age,
And the defect of youthfull puiſſance,
My maladie increaſeth more and more,
And cruell death haſtneth his quickned pace,

To diſpoſſeſſe me of my earthly ſhape,
Mine eies wax dimme, ouercaſt with clouds of age,
The pangs of death compaſſe my crazed bones,
Thus to you all my bleſsings I bequeath,
And with my bleſsings, this my fleeting ſoule.
My glaſſe is runne, and all my miſeries
Do end with life: death cloſeth vp mine eies,
My ſoule in haſte flies to the Eliſian fields.

He dieth.

Loc. Accurſed ſtarres, damd and accurſed ſtarres,
To abreuiate my noble fathers life,
Hard-harted gods, and too enuious fates,
Thus to cut off my fathers fatall thred,
Brutus that was a glorie to vs all,
Brutus that was a terror to his foes,
Alaſſe too ſoone by *Demagorgons* knife,
The martiall *Brutus* is bereft of life.
No ſad complaints may moue iuſt *Lacus.*
Corin. No dreadfull threats can feare iudge *Rho-*
Wert thou as ſtrong as mightie *Hercules,* (*domanth,*
That tamde the hugie monſters of the world,
Plaidſt thou as ſweet, on the ſweet ſounding lute,
As did the ſpouſe of faire *Euridies,*
That did enchant the waters with his noiſe,
And made ſtones, birds, and beaſts, to lead a dance,
Conſtraind the hillie trees to follow him,
Thou couldſt not moue the iudge of *Crebus,*
Nor moue compaſsion in grimme *Plutos* heart,
For fatall *Mors* expecteth all the world,
And euerie man muſt tread the way of death,
Braue *Tantalus* the valiant *Pelops* ſire,

Gueſt

Gueſt to the gods, ſuffred vntimely death,
And old *Fleithonus* husband to the morne,
And eke grim *Minos* whom iuſt *Iupiter*
Deignd to admit vnto his ſacrifice,
The thundring trumpets of blood-thirſtie *Mars.*
The fearfull rage of fell *Tiſiphone.*
The boiſtrous waues of humid Ocean,
Are inſtruments and tooles of diſmall death.
Then noble couſin ceaſe to mourne his chaunce,
Whoſe age & yeares were ſignes that he ſhuld die.
It reſteth now that we interre his bones,
That was a terror to his enemies.
Take vp the coarſe, and princes hold him dead,
Who while he liu'd, vpheld the *Troyan* ſtate.
Sound drums and trumpets, march to *Troinouant*,
There to prouide our chieftaines funerall.

The first Act. Scene 3. *Act 1 Sc. iii*

Enter *Strumbo* aboue in a gowne, with inke and paper in his hand, ſaying;

Strum. Either the foure elements, the ſeuen planets and all the particuler ſtarres of the pole Antaſtick, are aduerſatiue againſt me, or elſe I was begotten and borne in the wane of the Moone, when euerie thing as ſaith *Lactantius* in his fourth booke of Conſtultations dooth ſay, goeth aſward. I maiſters I, you may laugh, but I muſt weepe; you may ioy, but I muſt ſorrow; ſheading ſalt teares from the watrie fountaines of my moſte daintie faire eies, along my comely and ſmooth cheeks, in as great

great plentie as the water runneth from the buckingtubbes, or red wine out of the hogs heads: for truſt me gentlemen and my verie good friends, and ſo foorth: the little god, nay the deſperate god *Cuprit*, with one of his vengible birdbolts, hath ſhot me vnto the heele: ſo not onlie, but alſo, oh fine phraſe, I burne, I burne, and I burne a, in loue, in loue, and in loue a, ah *Strumbo* what haſt thou ſeen, not *Dina* with the Aſſe *Tom*? Yea with theſe eies thou haſt ſeene her, and therefore pull them out: for they will worke thy bale. Ah *Strumbo* haſt thou heard, not the voice of the Nightingale, but a voice ſweeter then hers, yea with theſe eares haſt thou heard them, and therefore cut them off, for they haue cauſde thy ſorrow. Nay *Strumbo* kill thy ſelfe, drowne thy ſelfe, hang thy ſelfe, ſterue thy ſelfe. Oh but then I ſhall leaue my ſweet heart. Oh my heart, Now pate for thy maiſter, I will dite an aliquant loue-piſtle to her, and then ſhe hearing the grand verboſitie of my ſcripture, will loue me preſently.

Let him write a litle and then read.

My penne is naught, gentlemen lend me a knife, I thinke the more haſte the worſt ſpeed.

Then write againe, and after read.

So it is miſtreſſe *Dorothie*, and the ſole eſſence of my ſoule, that the little ſparkles of affection kindled in me towards your ſweet ſelfe, hath now increaſed to a great flame, and will ere it be long conſume my poore heart, except you with the pleaſant water of your ſecret fountaine, quench the furious heate of the ſame. Alaſſe I am a gentleman of good fame, and name,

name, maieſticall, in parrell comely, in gate portlie. Let not therefore your gentle heart be ſo hard as to deſpiſe a proper tall yoong man of a handſome life, and by deſpiſing him, not onlie, but alſo to kill him. Thus expecting time and tide, I bid you farewell. Your ſeruant, *Signior Strumbo.*

Oh wit, Oh pate, O memorie, O hand, O incke, O paper. Well now I will ſend it away. *Trompart, Trompart*, what a villaine is this? Why ſirra, come when your maiſter calls you. *Trompart.*

Trompart entring ſaith;

Anon ſir.

Strumbo. Thou knoweſt my prettie boy what a good maiſter I haue bene to thee euer ſince I tooke thee into my ſeruice.

Trom. I ſir.

Strum. And how I haue cheriſhed thee alwaies, as if you had bene the fruit of my loines, fleſh of my fleſh, and bone of my bone?

Trom. I ſir.

Strum. Then ſhew thy ſelfe herein a truſtie ſeruant, and carrie this letter to miſtreſſe *Dorothie*, and tell her. (Speaking in his eare.

Exit Trompart.

Strum. Nay maiſters you ſhall ſee a marriage by and by. But here ſhe comes. Now muſt I frame my amorous paſsions.

Enter *Dorothie* and *Trompart.*

Doro. Signior Strumbo, well met, I receiued your letters by your man here, who told mee a pittifull ſtorie of your anguiſh, and ſo vnderſtanding your

paſsions were ſo great, I came hither ſpeedily.

Strum. Oh my ſweet and pigſney, the fecunditie of my ingenie is not ſo great, that may declare vnto you the ſorrowful ſobs and broken ſleeps, that I ſuffred for your ſake; and therefore I deſire you to receiue me into your familiaritie.

For your loue doth lie,
As neare and as nigh:
Vnto my heart within,
As mine eye to my noſe,
My legge vnto my hoſe,
And my flesh vnto my skin.

Dor. Truly M. *Strumbo*, you ſpeake too learnedly for mee to vnderſtand the drift of your mind, and therfore tell your tale in plaine termes, and leaue off your darke ridles.

Strum. Alaſſe miſtreſſe *Dorothie* this is my lucke, that when I moſt would, I cannot be vnderſtood: ſo that my great learning is an inconuenience vnto me. But to ſpeake in plaine termes, I loue you miſtreſſe *Dorothie*, if you like to accept me into your familiaritie.

Dor. If this be all I am content.

Turning to the people.

Strum. Saiſt thou ſo ſweet wench, let me lick thy toes. Farwell miſtreſſe. If any of you be in loue, prouide ye a capcaſe full of new coined wordes, and then ſhall you ſoone haue the *ſuccado de labres*, and ſomething elſe. (*Exeunt.*

The

The firſt Act. Scene 4. *Act I sc. iv*

Enter *Locrine*, *Guendoline*, *Camber*, *Albanact*, *Corineus*, *Aſſaracus*, *Debon*, *Thraſimachus*.

Locrine. Vncle and princes of braue *Britany*,
Since that our noble father is intombd,
As beſt beſeemd ſo braue a prince as he,
If ſo you pleaſe, this day my loue and I,
Within the temple of *Concordia*,
Will ſolemnize our roiall marriage.
Thra. Right noble Lord, your ſubiects euery one,
Muſt needs obey your highneſſe at commaund,
Eſpecially in ſuch a cauſe as this,
That much concerns your highneſſe great content.
Locr. Then frolick lordings to fair *Concords* wals,
Where we will paſſe the day in knightly ſports,
The night in dauncing and in figured maskes,
And offer to God *Riſus* all our ſports.

Exeunt.

The 2. *Act. Scene* 1. *Act II sc. i*

Enter *Atey* as before, after a litle lightning and thundring, let there come forth this ſhow. *Perſeus* and *Andromeda*, hand in hand, and *Cepheus* alſo with ſwords and targets. Then let there come out of an other doore, *Phineus*, all blacke in armour, with Aethiopians after him, driuing in *Perſeus*, and hauing taken away *Andromeda*, let them depart. *Ate* remaining, ſaying;

Ate. Regit omnia numen.

When *Perſeus* married faire *Andromeda*,
The onlie daughter of king *Cepheus*,
He thought he had eſtabliſht well his Crowne,
And that his kingdome ſhould for aie endure.
But loe proud *Phineus* with a band of men,
Contriu'd of ſun-burnt *Aethiopians*:
By force of armes the bride he tooke from him,
And turnd their ioy into a floud of teares.
So fares it with yoong *Locrine* and his loue,
He thinkes this marriage tendeth to his weale,
But this foule day, this foule accurſed day,
Is the beginning of his miſeries.
Behold where *Humber* and his *Scithians*
Approcheth nigh with all his warlike traine,
I need not I, the ſequel ſhall declare,
What tragicke chances fall out in this warre.

Act II sc. ii

The 2. Scene.

Enter *Humber*, *Hubba*, *Eſtrilo*, *Segar*, and their ſouldiers.

Hum. At length the ſnaile doth clime the higheſt tops,
Aſcending vp the ſtately caſtle walls,
At length the water with continuall drops,
Doth penetrate the hardeſt marble ſtone,
At length we are arriued in *Albion*,
Nor could the barbarous *Dacian* ſoueraigne,
Nor yet the ruler of braue *Belgia*
Staie vs from cutting ouer to this Ile,
Whereas I heare a troope of *Phrigians*
Vnder the conduct of *Postumius* ſonne,
Haue pitched vp lordly pauillions,

And

And hope to proſper in this louely Ile:
But I will fruſtrate all their fooliſh hope,
And teach them that the *Scithian* Emperour
Leades fortune tied in a chaine of gold,
Conſtraining her to yeeld vnto his will,
And grace him with their regall diademe:
Which I will haue maugre their treble hoaſts,
And all the power their pettie kings can make.
Hubba. If ſhe that rules faire *Rhamnis* golden gate
Graunt vs the honour of the victorie,
As hitherto ſhe alwaies fauourd vs,
Right noble father, we will rule the land,
Enthronized in ſeates of *Topace* ſtones,
That *Locrine* and his brethren all may know,
None muſt be king but *Humber* and his ſonne.
Hum. Courage my ſonne, fortune ſhall fauour vs,
And yeeld to vs the coronet of bay,
That decketh none but noble conquerours:
But what ſaith *Estrild* to theſe regions?
How liketh ſhe the temperature thereof,
Are they not pleaſant in her gratious eies?
Astr. The plaines my Lord garniſht with *Floras*
And ouerſpred with party colored flowers, (welth
Do yeeld ſweet contentation to my mind,
The aierie hills encloſd with ſhadie groues,
The groues repleniſht with ſweet chirping birds,
The birds reſounding heauenly melodie,
Are equall to the groues of *Theſſaly*,
Where *Phœbus* with the learned Ladies nine,
Delight themſelues with muſicke harmonie,
And from the moiſture of the mountaine tops,

The ſilent ſprings daunce downe with murmuring
And water al ỹ ground with criſtal waues, (ſtreams,
The gentle blaſts of *Eurus* modeſt winde,
Mouing the pittering leaues of *Siluanes* woods,
Do equall it with *Tempes* paradice,
And thus comforted all to one effect,
Do make me thinke theſe are the happie Iles,
Moſt fortunate, if *Humber* may them winne.
Hubba. Madam, where reſolution leads the way,
And courage followes with imboldened pace,
Fortune can neuer vſe her tyrannie,
For valiantneſſe is like vnto a rocke
That ſtandeth in the waues of Ocean,
Which though the billowes beat on euery ſide,
And *Borras* fell with his tempeſtuous ſtormes,
Bloweth vpon it with a hideous clamour,
Yet it remaineth ſtill vnmooueable.
Hum. Kingly reſolu'd thou glorie of thy ſire,
But worthie *Segar* what vncoth nouelties
Bringſt thou vnto our royall maieſtie?
Seg. My Lord, the yoongeſt of all *Brutus* ſonnes,
Stout *Albanact*, with millions of men,
Approcheth nigh, and meaneth ere the morne,
To trie your force by dint of fatall ſword.
Hum. Tut let him come with millions of hoſtes,
He ſhall find entertainment good inough,
Yea fit for thoſe that are our enemies:
For weell receiue them at the launces points,
And maſſaker their bodies with our blades:
Yea though they were in number infinit,
More then the mightie Babilonian queene,

Semiramis

Semiramis the ruler of the Weſt,
Brought gainſt the Emperour of the Scithians,
Yet would we not ſtart back one foote from them:
That they might know we are inuincible.
Hub. Now by great *Ioue* the ſupreme king of hea-
And the immortall gods that liue therein, (uen,
When as the morning ſhewes his chearfull face,
And Lucifer mounted vpon his ſteed,
Brings in the chariot of the golden ſunne,
Ile meet yoong *Albanact* in the open field,
And crack my launce vpon his burganet,
To trie the valour of his boyiſh ſtrength:
There will I ſhew ſuch ruthfull ſpectacles
And cauſe ſo great effuſion of blood,
That all his boyes ſhall wonder at my ſtrength:
As when the warlike queene of *Amazon*,
Penthiſilea armed with her launce,
Girt with a corſlet of bright ſhining ſteele,
Coupt vp the fainthart Græcians in the campe.
Hum. Spoke like a warlike knight my noble ſon,
Nay like a prince that ſeekes his fathers ioy,
Therefore to morrow ere faire *Titan* ſhine,
And baſhfull *Eos* meſſenger of light:
Expells the liquid ſleep from out mens eyes,
Thou ſhalt conduct the right wing of the hoſte,
The left wing ſhall be vnder *Segars* charge,
The reareward ſhall be vnder me my ſelfe,
And louely *Eſtrild* faire and gratious,
If fortune fauour me in mine attempts,
Thou ſhalt be queene of louely *Albion*,
Fortune ſhall fauour me in mine attempts,

And

And make the Queene of louely *Albion.*
Come let vs in and muſter vp our traine,
And furniſh vp our luſtie ſouldiers,
That they may be a bullwarke to our ſtate,
And bring our wiſhed ioyes to perfect end.

Act II *The 2. Scene.*
sc. iii Enter *Strumbo, Dorothie, Trompart* cobling ſhooes
and ſinging.
Trum. We Coblers lead a merie life,
All. Dan, dan, dan, dan:
Strum. Void of all ennie and of ſtrife:
All. Dan diddle dan.
Dor. Our eaſe is great, our labour ſmall:
All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Strum. And yet our gaines be much withall:
All. Dan diddle dan.
Dor. With this art ſo fine and faire:
All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Trum. No occupation may compare
All. Dan diddle dan:
Strum. For merie paſtime and ioyfull glee:
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. Moſt happie men we Coblers bee:
Dan diddle dan.
Trnm. The can ſtands full of nappie ale,
Dan: dan: dan: dan:
Strum. In our ſhop ſtill withouten faile:
Dan diddle dan.
Dor. This is our meate, this is our foode:
Dan: dan: dan: dan:

Trum.

Trum. This brings vs to a mery mood:
Dan didle dan.
Strum. This makes vs worke for companie:
Dan, dan, dan, dan:
Dor. To pull the tankards cheerfully:
Dan didle dan.
Trum. Drinke to thy husband *Dorothie*,
Dan, dan, dan, dan:
Dor. Why then my *Strumbo* ther's to thee:
Dan didle dan:
Strum. Drinke thou the reſt *Trumpart* amaine:
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. When that is gone weell filt againe,
Dan didle dan.
Cap. The pooreſt ſtate is fartheſt from annoy,
How merily he ſitteth on his ſtoole:
But when he ſees that needs he muſt be preſt,
Heele turne his note and ſing another tune,
Ho, by your leaue maiſter Cobler:
Stru. You are welcom gentleman, what wil you any olde ſhooes or buskins, or will you haue your ſhooes clouted, I will do them as well as any Cobler in *Cathues* whatſoeuer?

Captaine ſhewing him preſſe mony.

O maiſter Cobler you are farre deceiued in mee, for don you ſee this? I come not to buy any ſhooes, but to buy your ſelfe; come ſir you muſt be a ſouldier in the kings cauſe.
Strum. Why but heare you ſir, has your king any commiſsion to take any man againſt his will. I promiſe you I can ſcant beleeue it, or did hee giue

you commiſsion?

Cap. O ſir, ye neede not care for that, I neede no commiſsion: hold here, I command you in the name of our king *Albanact*, to appeare to morrow in the towne-houſe of *Cathnes*.

Strum. King Nactabell, I crie God mercy, what haue we to doo with him, or he with vs? but you ſir maſter capoutaile, draw your paſtebourd, or elſe I promiſe you, Ile giue you a canuaſado with a baſtinano ouer your ſhoulders, and teach you to come hither with your implements.

Cap. I pray thee good fellow be content, I do the kings commaund.

Strum. Put me out of your booke then.

Cap. I may not.

Strumbo ſnatching vp a ſtaffe.

No will, come ſir will your ſtomacke ſerue you, by gogs blew hood and halidom, I will haue about with you.

Fight both.

Enter *Thraſimachus*.

How now, what noyſe, what ſodain clamors this?
How now, my captain and the cobler ſo hard at it?
Sirs what is your quarrell?

Cap. Nothing ſir, but that he will not take preſſe (mony.

Thra. Here good fellow take it at my command,
Vnleſſe you meane to be ſtretcht.

Strum. Truly maſter gentleman, I lacke no mony, if you pleaſe I will reſigne it to one of theſe poore fellowes.

fellowes.

Thraſi. No ſuch matter,
Looke you be at the common houſe to morrow.
Exit *Thraſimachus* and the captaine.

Strum. O wife I haue ſpunne a faire thredde, if I had bene quiet, I had not bene preſt, and therefore well may I wayment; But come ſirrha ſhut vp, for we muſt to the warres.

Exeunt.

The 4. Scene. *Act II sc. iv*

Enter *Albanact*, *Debon*, *Thraſimachus*, and the Lords.

Alba. Braue cauileres, princes of *Albany*,
Whoſe trenchant blades with our deceaſed ſire,
Paſsing the frontiers of braue *Græcia*,
Were bathed in our enemies lukewarme blood,
Now is the time to manifeſt your wills,
Your hautie mindes and reſolutions,
Now opportunitie is offred
To trie your courage and your earneſt zeale,
Which you alwaies proteſt to *Albanact*,
For at this time, yea at this preſent time,
Stout fugitiues come from the Scithians bounds
Haue peſtred euerie place with mutinies:
But truſt me Lordings I will neuer ceaſe
To perſecute the raſcall runnagates,
Till all the riuers ſtained with their blood,
Shall fully ſhew their fatall ouerthrow.

Deb. So ſhal your highnes merit great renowne,
And imitate your aged fathers ſteppes.
Alba. But tell me couſin, camſt thou through the (plaines?
And ſawſt thou there the faint heart fugitiues
Muſtring their weather-beaten ſouldiers,
What order keep they in their marſhalling?
Thra. After we paſt the groues of *Caledone*,
Where murmuring riuers ſlide with ſilent ſtreames
We did behold the ſtragling Scithians campe,
Repleat with men, ſtorde with munition;
There might we ſee the valiant minded knights
Fetching carriers along the ſpatious plaines,
Humber and *Hubba* arm'd in azure blew,
Mounted vpon their courſers white as ſnow,
Went to behold the pleaſant flowring fields;
Hector and *Troialus*, *Priamus* louely ſonnes,
Chaſing the Græcians ouer *Simoeis*,
Were not to be compared to theſe two knights.
Alba. Well haſt thou painted out in eloquence
The portraiture of *Humber* and his ſonne;
As fortunate as was *Policrates*,
Yet ſhould they not eſcape our conquering ſwords,
Or boaſt of ought but of our clemencie.
Enter *Strumbo* and *Trompart*, crying often;
Wilde fire and pitch, wilde fire and pitch, &c.
Thra. What ſirs what mean you by theſe clamors
Thoſe outcries raiſed in our ſtately court? (made,
Strum. Wilde fire and pitch, wilde fire and pitch.
Thra. Villaines I ſay, tell vs the cauſe hereof?
Strum. Wilde fire and pitch, &c. (noiſe,
Thra. Tell me you villaines, why you make this

Or

Or with my launce I will prick your bowels out.

Al. Where are your houſes, wher's your dwelling (place?

Strum. Place, Ha, ha, ha, laugh, a moneth and a day at him; place, I cry God mercy, why doo you think that ſuch poore honeſt mẽ as we be, hold our habitacles in kings pallaces: Ha? ha, ha. But becauſe you ſeeme to be an abhominable chieftaine, I wil tel you our ſtate.

From the top to the toe,
From the head to the ſhoe;
From the beginning to the ending,
From the building to the burning.

This honeſt fellow and I had our manſion cottage in the ſuburbes of this citie, hard by the temple of *Mercury*. And by the common ſouldiers of the Shitens, the Scithians; what do you call them? with all the ſuburbes were burnt to the ground, and the aſhes are left there, for the countrie wiues to waſh buckes withall. And that which greeues me moſt, my louing wife, O cruell ſtrife; the wicked flames did roaſt.

And therefore captaine cruſt,
We will continuallie crie,
Except you ſeeke a remedie
Our houſes to redifie
Which now are burnt to duſt.

Both cry; Wild fire and pitch, wild fire and pitch.

Alba. Well we muſt remedie theſe outrages,
And throw reuenge vpon their hatefull heads,
And you good fellowes for your houſes burnt,
We will remunerate you ſtore of gold,
And build your houſes by our pallace gate.

Strumbo. Gate, O pettie treaſon to my perſon, no where elſe but by your backſide; gate, oh how I am vexed in my coller; gate, I crie God mercie, doo you hear maſter king? If you mean to gratifie ſuch poore men as we bee, you muſt build our houſes by the Tauerne.

Alba. It ſhall be done ſir.

Strum. Neare the Tauerne, I by ladie ſir it was ſpoken like a good fellow. Do you heare ſir, when our houſe is builded, if you do chance to paſſe or repaſſe that way, we will beſtowe a quart of the beſt wine vpon you?

Exit.

Alb. It greeues me lordings that my ſubiects goods
Should thus be ſpoiled by the Scithians,
Who as you ſee with lightfoote forragers
Depopulate the places where they come,
But curſed *Hnmber* thou ſhalt rue the day
That ere thou camſt vnto *Cathueſia.*

Exeunt.

Act II sc. v

The 2. Act. Scene 5.

Enter *Humber*, *Hubba*, *Segar*, *Truſsier*, and their ſouldiers.

Hum. Hubba, go take a coronet of our horſe
As many launciers, and light armed knights
As may ſuffice for ſuch an enterpriſe,

And

And place them in the groue of *Caledon*,
VVith theſe, when as the skirmiſh doth encreaſe
Retire thou from the ſheltiers of the wood,
And ſet vpon the weakened Troians backs,
For pollicie ioyned with chiualrie
Can neuer be put back from victorie.

Exit.

Albanact enter and ſay, clownes with him.

Thou baſe borne *Hunne*, how durſt thou be ſo bold
As once to menace warlike *Albanact*?
The great commander of theſe regions,
But thou ſhalt buy thy raſhneſſe with thy death,
And rue too late thy ouer bold attempts,
For with this ſword this inſtrument of death,
That hath bene drenched in my foe-mens blood,
Ile ſeparate thy bodie from thy head,
And ſet that coward blood of thine abroach.

Strum. Nay with this ſtaffe great *Strumbos* inſtru-
Ile crack thy cockscome paltry Scithian. (ment,

Hum. Nor wreake I of thy threats thou princox
Nor do I feare thy fooliſh inſolencie, (boy,
And but thou better vſe thy bragging blade,
Then thou doeſt rule thy ouerflowing toong,
Superbious Brittaine, thou ſhalt know too ſoone
The force of *Humber* and his Scithians.

Let them fight.

Humber and his ſouldiers runne in.

Strum. O horrible, terrible.

Act II
sc. vi

The ſixt Act.

Sound the alarme.

Enter *Humber* and his ſouldiers.

Hum. How brauely this yoong Brittain *Albanact*
Darteth abroad the thunderbolts of warre,
Beating downe millions with his furious moode;
And in his glorie triumphs ouer all,
Mouing the maſsie ſquadrants of the ground;
Heape hills on hills, to ſcale the ſtarrie skie,
When *Briareus* armed with an hundreth hands
Floong forth an hundreth mountains at great *Ioue*,
And when the monſtrous giant *Monichus*
Hurld mount *Olimpus* at great *Mars* his targe,
And ſhot huge cædars at *Mineruas* ſhield;
How doth he ouerlooke with hautie front
My fleeting hoſtes, and lifts his loftie face
Againſt vs all that now do feare his force,
Like as we ſee the wrathfull ſea from farre
In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noiſe
VVith thouſand billowes beat againſt the ſhips,
And toſſe them in the waues like tennis balls.

Sound the alarme.

Humb. Ay me, I feare my *Hubba* is ſurpriſde.

Sound againe; Enter *Albanact.*

Alba. Follow me ſouldiers, follow *Albanact*;
Purſue the Scithians flying through the field:
Let none of them eſcape with victorie:
That they may know the Brittains force is more
Then al the power of the trembling *Hunnes.* (chaſe,

Thra. Forward braue ſouldiers, forward keep the

He

He that takes captiue *Humber* or his ſonne,
Shall be rewarded with a crowne of gold.

Sound alarme, then let them fight, *Humber* giue backe, *Hubba* enter at their backs, and kill *Debon*, let *Strumbo* fall downe, *Albanact* run in, and afterwards enter wounded.

Alba. Iniurious fortune haſt thou croſt me thus?
Thus in the morning of my victories,
Thus in the prime of my felicitie
To cut me off by ſuch hard ouerthrow;
Hadſt thou no time thy rancor to declare,
But in the ſpring of all my dignities?
Hadſt thou no place to ſpit thy venome out
But on the perſon of yoong *Albanact*?
I that ere while did ſcare mine enemies,
And droue them almoſt to a ſhamefull flight,
I that ere while full lion-like did fare
Amongſt the dangers of the thick throngd pikes,
Muſt now depart moſt lamentably ſlaine
By *Humbers* trecheries and fortunes ſpights:
Curſt be their charms, damned be her curſed charms
That doth delude the waiward harts of men,
Of men that truſt vnto her fickle wheele,
Which neuer leaueth turning vpſide downe.
O gods, O heauens, allot me but the place
Where I may finde her hatefull manſion,
Ile paſſe the Alpes to watry *Meroe*,
Where fierie *Fhœbus* in his charriot
The wheels wherof are dect with Emeraldes,
Caſt ſuch a heate, yea ſuch a ſcorching heate,
And ſpoileth *Flora* of her checquered graſſe,

Ile ouerrun the mountaine *Cancuſus*,
Where fell *Chimæra* in her triple ſhape
Rolleth hot flames from out her monſtrous panch,
Scaring the beaſts with iſſue of her gorge,
Ile paſſe the frozen Zone where yſie flakes
Stopping the paſſage of the fleeting ſhippes
Do lie, like mountaines in the congeald ſea,
Where if I finde that hatefull houſe of hers,
Ile pull the fickle wheele from out her hands,
And tie her ſelfe in euerlaſting bands:
But all in vaine I breath theſe threatnings,
The day is loſt, the *Hunnes* are conquerors,
Debon is ſlaine, my men are done to death,
The currents ſwift, ſwimme violently with blood,
And laſt, O that this laſt night ſo long laſt,
My ſelfe with woundes paſt all recouery,
Muſt leaue my crowne for *Humber* to poſſeſſe.

Strum. Lord haue mercy vpon vs, maſters I think this is a holie day, euerie man lies ſleeping in the fields, but God knowes full ſore againſt their wills.

Thra. Flie noble *Albanact* and ſaue thy ſelfe,
The Scithians follow with great celeritie,
And ther's no way but fight, or ſpeedie death,
Flie noble *Albanact* and ſaue thy ſelfe.

Sound the alarme.

Alba. Nay let them flie that feare to die the death
That tremble at the name of fatall mors,
Neu'r ſhall proud *Humber* boaſt or brag himſelfe
That he hath put yoong *Albanact* to flight,
And leaſt he ſhould triumph at my decay,
This ſword ſhall reaue his maiſter of his life,

That

the eldest ſonne to King Brutus.
That oft hath ſau'd his maiſters doubtfull life:
But oh my brethren if you care for me,
Reuenge my death vpon his traiterous head.

Et vos queis domus ect nigrantis regia ditis,
Qui regitis rigido ſtigios moderamine lucos:
Nox cæci regina poli furialis Erinnis
Diique deæque omnes Albanum tollite regem
Tollite flumineis vndis rigidaque palude
Nunc me fata vocant, hoc condam pectore ferrum.
Thruſt himſelfe through.

Enter *Trompart.*
O what hath he don, his noſe bleeds? but oh I ſmel a
Looke where my maiſter lies, maſter, maſter. (foxe,
Strum. Let me alone I tell thee, for I am dead.
Trum. Yet one, good, good, maſter.
Strum. I will not ſpeake, for I am dead I tel thee.
Trum. And is my maſter dead?
O ſticks and ſtones, brickbats and bones,
and is my maſter dead?
O you cockatrices and you bablatrices,
that in the woods dwell:
You briers and brambles, you cookes ſhoppes and
come howle and yell. (ſhambles,
With howling & ſcreeking, with wailing and wee-
come you to lament. (ping,
O Colliers of *Croyden*, and rufticks of *Royden*,
and fiſhers of *Kent.*
For *Strumbo* the cobler, the fine mery cobler
of *Cathnes* towne:

At this ſame ſtoure, at this very houre
lies dead on the ground.
O maiſter, theeues, theeues, theeues.
Strum. Where be they? cox me tunny, bobekin let me be riſing, be gone, we ſhall be robde by and by. (*Exeunt.*

Act II sc. vii

The 8. Act.

Enter *Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thraſsier, Estrild,* and the ſouldiers.

Hum. Thus from the dreadful ſhocks of furious
Thundring alarmes, and *Rhamnuſias* drum (*Mars*
We are retyred with ioyfull victorie,
The ſlaughtered Troians ſqueltring in their blood,
Infect the aire with their carcaſſes,
And are a praie for euerie rauenous bird.
Estrild. So periſh they that are our enemies.
So periſh they that loue not *Humbers* weale.
And mightie *Ioue* commander of the world,
Protect my loue from all falſe trecheries.
Hum. Thanks louely *Estrild*, ſolace to my ſoule.
But valiant *Hubba* for thy chiualrie
Declarde againſt the men of *Albany*,
Loe here a flowring garland wreath'd of bay,
As a reward for thy forward minde.
Set it on his head.
Hub. This vnexpected honor noble ſire,
VVill prick my courage vnto brauer deeds,
And cauſe me to attempt ſuch hard exploits,
That all the world ſhall ſound of *Hubbaes* name.

Hum.

Hum. And now braue ſouldiers for this good ſuc-
Carouſe whole cups of *Amazonian* wine, (ceſſe,
Sweeter then Nectar or Ambroſia,
And caſt away the clods of curſed care,
VVith goblets crownd with *Semeleius* gifts,
Now let vs martch to *Abis* ſiluer ſtreames
That clearly glide along the *Champane* fields,
And moiſt the graſsie meades with humid drops.
Sound drummes & trumpets, ſound vp cheerfully,
Sith we returne with ioy and victorie.

The 3. Act Scene 1. *Act III*

Enter *Ate* as before. The dumb ſhow. A Crocadile *Sc. i*
ſitting on a riuers banke, and a little Snake ſtinging it. Then let both of them fall into the water.

Ate. Scelera in authorem cadunt.

High on a banke by *Nilus* boyſtrous ſtreames,
Fearfully ſat the Aegiptian Crocodile,
Dreadfully grinding in her ſharpe long teethe,
The broken bowels of a ſilly fiſh,
His back was armde againſt the dint of ſpeare,
VVith ſhields of braſſe that ſhind like burniſht gold
And as he ſtretched forth his cruell pawes,
A ſubtill Adder creeping cloſely neare
Thruſting his forked ſting into his clawes,
Priuily ſhead his poiſon through his bones
VVhich made him ſwel that there his bowels burſt,
That did ſo much in his owne greatneſſe truſt.
So *Humber* hauing conquered *Albanact*,
Doth yeeld his glorie vnto *Locrines* ſword.

Marke what enſues and you may eaſily ſee,
That all our life is but a Tragedie.

Act III sc. ii

The 2. Scene.

Enter *Locrine, Guendoline, Corineus, Aſſaracus, Thraſimachus, Camber.*

Locrine. And is this true, is *Albanactus* ſlaine?
Hath curſed *Humber* with his ſtragling hoſte
With that his armie made of mungrell curres,
Brought our redoubted brother to his end.
O that I had the Thracian *Orpheus* harpe
For to awake out of the infernall ſhade
Thoſe ougly diuels of black *Erebus*,
That might torment the damned traitors ſoule:
O that I had *Amphions* inſtrument
To quicken with his vitall notes and tunes
The flintie ioynts of euerie ſtonie rocke,
By which the Scithians might be puniſhed,
For by the lightening of almightie *Ioue*
The *Hunne* ſhall die, had he ten thouſand liues:
And would to God he had ten thouſand liues,
That I might with the arme-ſtrong *Hercules*
Crop off ſo vile an *Hidras* hiſsing heads,
But ſay me couſen, for I long to heare
How *Albanact* came by vntimely death?

Thraſi. After the traitrous hoaſt of Scithians,
Entred the field with martiall equipage
Yoong *Albanact* impatient of delaie
Ledde forth his armie gainſt the ſtragling mates,
Whoſe multitude did daunt our ſouldiers mindes,

Yet

Yet nothing could diſmay the forward prince,
But with a courage moſt heroicall
Like to a lion mongſt a flock of lambes
Made hauocke of the faintheart fugitiues,
Hewing a paſſage through them with his ſword,
Yea we had almoſt giuen them the repulſe
When ſuddeinly from out the ſilent wood
Hubba with twentie thouſand ſouldiers
Cowardly came vpon our weakened backes,
And murthered all with fatall maſſacre,
Amongſt the which old *Debon* martiall knight,
With many wounds was brought vnto the death.
And *Albanact* oppreſt with multitude
Whilſt valiantly he feld his enemies
Yeelded his life and honour to the duſt,
He being dead, the ſouldiers fled amaine,
And I alone eſcaped them by flight,
To bring you tidings of theſe accidents.

Locr. Not aged *Priam* King of ſtately *Troy*,
Graund Emperour of barbarous *Aſia*,
When he beheld his noble minded ſonnes
Slaine traiterouſly by all the *Mermidons*,
Lamented more then I for *Albanact*.

Guen. Not *Hecuba* the queene of *Ilium*
When ſhe beheld the towne of *Pergamus*,
Her pallace burnt, with all deuouring flames,
Her fiftie ſonnes and daughters freſh of hue,
Murthred by wicked *Pirrhus* bloodie ſword,
Shed ſuch ſad teares as I for *Albanact*.

Cam. The griefe of *Niobe* faire *Athens* queene,
For her ſeuen ſonnes magnanimious in field,

For

For her ſeuen daughters fairer then the faireſt,
Is not to be comparde with my laments.
Cor. In vain you ſorow for the ſlaughtred prince,
In vain you ſorrow for his ouerthrow,
He loues not moſt that doth lament the moſt,
But he that ſeekes to venge the iniurie.
Thinke you to quell the enemies warlike traine,
VVith childiſh ſobs and womanniſh laments?
Vnſheath your ſwords, vnſheath your conquering ſword,
And ſeek reuenge, the comfort for this ſore,
In *Cornwall* where I hold my regiment
Euen iuſt tenne thouſand valiant men at armes
Hath *Corineus* readie at commaund:
All theſe and more, if need ſhall more require,
Hath *Corrineus* readie at commaund.
Cam. And in the fields of martiall *Cambria*,
Cloſe by the boyſtrous *Iſcans* ſiluer ſtreames,
VVhere lightfoote faires ſkip from banke to banke,
Full twentie thouſand braue couragious knights
VVell exerciſde in feates of chiualrie,
In manly maner moſt inuincible,
Yoong *Camber* hath with gold and victuall,
All theſe and more, if need ſhall more require,
I offer vp to venge my brothers death.
Loc. Thanks louing vncle and good brother too,
For this reuenge, for this ſweete word reuenge
Muſt eaſe and ceaſe thy wrongfull iniuries,
And by the ſword of bloodie *Mars* I ſweare,
Nere ſhall ſweete quiet enter this my front,
Till I be venged on his traiterous head
That ſlew my noble brother *Albanact.*

Sound

the eldest ſonne to King Brutus.
Sound drummes and trumpets, muſter vp the camp,
For we will ſtraight march to *Albania*.

Exeunt.

The 3. Scene. *Act III ſc. iii*

Enter *Humber*, *Eſtrild*, *Hubba*, *Truſsier*, and the ſouldiers.

Hum. Thus are we come victorious conquerors
Vnto the flowing currents ſiluer ſtreames
Which in memoriall of our victorie,
Shall be agnominated by our name,
And talked of by our poſteritie:
For ſure I hope before the golden ſunne
Poſteth his horſes to faire *Thetis* plaines,
To ſee the waters turned into blood,
And chaunge his blewiſh hue to rufull red,
By reaſon of the fatall maſſacre
Which ſhall be made vpon the virent plaines.
Enter the ghoaſt of *Almanact*.
See how the traitor doth preſage his harme,
See how he glories at his owne decay,
See how he triumphs at his proper loſſe,
O fortune vilde, vnſtable, fickle, fraile.
Hum. Me thinkes I ſee both armies in the field,
The broken launces clime the criſtall ſkies,
Some headleſſe lie, ſome breathleſſe on the ground,
Anb euery place is ſtraw'd with carcaſſes,
Behold the graſſe hath loſt his pleaſant greene,
The ſweeteſt ſight that euer might be ſeene.
Ghoſt. I traiterous *Humber*, thou ſhalt find it ſo,

Yea to thy coſt thou ſhalt the ſame behold,
With anguiſh, ſorrow, and with ſad laments,
The graſsie plaines that now do pleaſe thine eies,
Shall ere the night be coloured all with blood,
The ſhadie groues which now incloſe thy campe
And yeeld ſweet ſauours to thy damned corps,
Shall ere the night be figured all with blood,
The profound ſtreame that paſſeth by thy tents,
And with his moiſture ſerueth all thy campe,
Shall ere the night conuerted be to blood,
Yea with the blood of thoſe thy ſtragling boyes,
For now reuenge ſhall eaſe my lingring griefe,
And now reuenge ſhall glut my longing ſoule.
Hub. Let come what wil, I meane to beare it out,
And either liue with glorious victorie,
Or die with fame renowmed for chiualrie,
He is not worthie of the honie combe
That ſhuns the hiues becauſe the bees haue ſtings,
That likes me beſt that is not got with eaſe,
Which thouſand daungers do accompany,
For nothing can diſmay our regall minde,
Which aimes at nothing but a golden crowne,
The only vpſhot of mine enterpriſes,
Were they inchanted in grimme *Plutos* court,
And kept for treaſure mongſt his helliſh crue,
I would either quell the triple *Cerberus*
And all the armie of his hatefull hags,
Or roll the ſtone with wretched *Siſiphon*.
Hum. Right martiall be thy thoughts my noble ſonne,
And all thy words ſauour of chiualrie,
But warlike *Segar* what ſtrange accidents

Makes

Makes you to leaue the warding of the campe.
Segar. To armes my Lord, to honourable armes,
Take helme and targe in hand the Brittaines come,
With greater multitude then erſt the Greekes
Brought to the ports of Phrigian *Tenidos.*
Hum. But what ſaith *Segar* to theſe accidents?
What counſell giues he in extremities?
Seg. Why this my Lord experience teacheth vs,
That reſolution is a ſole helpe at need.
And this my Lord our honour teacheth vs,
That we be bold in euerie enterpriſe,
Then ſince there is no way but fight or die,
Be reſolute my Lord for victorie.
Hum. And reſolute *Segar* I meane to be,
Perhaps ſome bliſſfull ſtarre will fauour vs,
And comfort bring to our perplexed ſtate:
Come let vs in and fortifie our campe,
So to withſtand their ſtrong inuaſion.

Exeunt.

The 4. *Scene.*

Act III ſc. iv

Enter *Strumbo*, *Trumpart*, *Oliuer*, and his ſonne *VVilliam* following them.

Strum. Nay neighbour *Oliuer*, if you be ſo whot, come prepare your ſelfe, you ſhall finde two as ſtout fellowes of vs, as any in all the North.
Oliu. No by my dorth neighbor *Strumbo*, Ich zee dat you are a man of ſmall zideration, dat wil zeek to iniure your olde vreendes, one of your vamiliar gueſts, and derefore zeeing your pinion is to deale

withouten reazon, iche and my zonne *VVilliam* will take dat courſe, dat ſhall be fardeſt vrom reaſon, how zay you, will you haue my daughter or no?

Strum. A verie hard queſtion neighbour, but I will ſolue it as I may; what reaſon haue you to demaund it of me?

VVil. Marry ſir, what reaſon had you when my ſiſter was in the barne to tumble her vpon the haie, and to fiſh her belly.

Strum. Mas thou ſaiſt true, well, but would you haue me marry her therefore? No I ſcorne her, and you, and you. I, I ſcorne you all.

Oliu. You will not haue her then?

Strum. No as I am a true gentleman.

VVil. Then wil we ſchoole you, ere you and we part hence.

Enter *Margerie* and ſnatch the ſtaffe out of her brothers hand, as he is fighting.

Strum. I you come in pudding time, or elſe I had dreſt them.

Mar. You maſter ſauſebox, lobcock, cockscomb, you ſlopſauce, lickfingers, will you not heare?

Strum. Who ſpeake you too, me?

Mar. I ſir to you, *Iohn* lackhoneſtie, little wit, is it you that will haue none of me?

Strum. No by my troth, miſtreſſe nicebice, how fine you cã nickname me, I think you were broght vp in the vniuerſitie of bridewell, you haue your rhetorick ſo ready at your toongs end, as if you were neuer

neuer well warned when your were yoong.

Mar. Why then goodman cods-head, if you wil haue none of me, farewell.

Strum. If you be ſo plaine miſtreſſe drigle dragle, fare you well.

Mar. Nay maſter *Strumbo*, ere you go from hence we muſt haue more words, you will haue none of me?

They both fight.

Strum. Oh my head, my head, leaue, leaue, leaue, I will, I will, I will.

Mar. Vpon that condition I let thee alone.

Oliu. How now maſter *Strumbo*, hath my daughter taught you a new leſſon?

Strum. I but heare you goodman *Oliuer*? it will not bee for my eaſe to haue my head broken euerie day, therefore remedie this and we ſhall agree.

Oli. Well zonne well, for you are my zonne now, all ſhall be remedied, daughter be friends with him.

Shake hands.

Strum. You are a ſweet nut, the diuel crack you. Maiſters I thinke it be my lucke, my firſt wife was a louing quiet wench, but this I thinke would weary the diuell. I would ſhe might be burnt as my other wife was. If not, I muſt runne to the halter for help. O codpeece thou haſt done thy maiſter, this it is to be medling with warme plackets.

Exeunt.

Act III
sc. v

The 5. Scene.

Enter *Locrine*, *Camber*, *Corineus*, *Thraſimachus*, *Aſſarachus*.

Loc. Now am I garded with an hoſte of men,
VVhoſe hautie courage is inuincible,
Now am I hembde with troupes of ſouldiers,
Such as might force *Bellona* to retire,
And make her tremble at their puiſſance,
Now ſit I like the mightie god of warre,
VVhen armed with his coat of Adament,
Mounted his charriot drawne with mighty bulls,
He droue the Argiues ouer *Xanthus* ſtreames.
Now curſed *Humber* doth thy end draw nie,
Downe goes the glorie of his victories,
And all his fame, and all his high renowne
Shall in a moment yeeld to *Locrines* ſword,
Thy bragging banners croſt with argent ſtreames,
The ornaments of thy pauillions
Shall all be captiuated with this hand,
And thou thy ſelfe at *Albanactus* tombe
Shalt offred be in ſatiſfaction
Of all the wrongs thou didſt him when he liu'd.
But canſt thou tell me braue *Thraſimachus*,
How farre we are diſtant from *Humbers* campe?

Thra. My Lord, within your foule accurſed groue
That beares the tokens of our ouerthrow,
This *Humber* hath intrencht his damned campe.
March on my Lord, becauſe I long to ſee
The trecherous Scithians ſqueltring in their gore.

Locrine.

Locri. Sweet fortune fauour *Locrine* with a ſmile,
That I may venge my noble brothers death,
And in the midſt of ſtately *Troinonant*,
Ile build a temple to thy deitie
Of perfect marble and of *Iacinthe* ſtones,
That it ſhall paſſe the high *Pyramides*
VVhich with their top ſurmount the firmament.
Cam. The armeſtrong offſpring of the doubted knight,
Stout *Hercules Alcmenas* mightie ſonne,
That tamde the monſters of the threefold world,
And rid the oppreſſed from the tyrants yokes,
Did neuer ſhew ſuch valiantneſſe in fight,
As I will now for noble *Albanact*.
Cori. Full foure ſcore yeares hath *Corineus* liu'd,
Sometime in warre, ſometime in quiet peace,
And yet I feele my ſelfe to be as ſtrong
As erſt I was in ſommer of mine age,
Able to toſſe this great vnwildie club
VVhich hath bin painted with my foemens brains,
And with this club ile breake the ſtrong arraie
Of *Humber* and his ſtragling ſouldiers,
Or looſe my life amongſt the thickeſt preaſe,
And die with honour in my lateſt daies,
Yet ere I die they all ſhall vnderſtand
VVhat force lies in ſtout *Corineus* hand.
Thra. And if *Thraſimachus* detract the fight,
Either for weakneſſe or for cowardiſe,
Let him not boaſt that *Brutus* was his eame,
Or that braue *Corineus* was his ſire.
Loc. Then courage ſouldiers, firſt for your ſafetie,
Next for your peace, laſt for your victory. (*Exeunt.*

Sound

Act III sc. vi

Sound the alarme.

Enter *Hubba* and *Segar* at one doore, and *Corineus* at the other.

Cori. Art thou that *Humber* prince of fugitiues,
That by thy treaſon ſlewſt yoong *Albanact*?
Hub. I am his ſonne that ſlew yoong *Albanact*,
And if thou take not heed proud *Phrigian*,
Ile ſend thy ſoule vnto the Stigian lake,
There to complaine of *Humbers* iniuries.
Cori. You triumph ſir before the victorie,
For *Corineus* is not ſo ſoone ſlaine.
But curſed Scithians you ſhall rue the day
That ere you came into *Albania*.
So periſh that they enuie Brittaines wealth,
So let them die with endleſſe infamie,
And he that ſeekes his ſoueraignes ouerthrow,
Would this my club might aggrauate his woe.

Strikes them both downe with his club.

Enter *Humber*.

Where may I finde ſome deſart wilderneſſe,
Where I may breath out curſes as I would,
And ſcare the earth with my condemning voice,
Where euerie ecchoes repercuſsion
May helpe me to bewaile mine ouerthrow,
And aide me in my ſorrowfull laments?
Where may I finde ſome hollow vncoth rocke,
Where I may damne, condemne and ban my fill,
The heauens, the hell, the earth, the aire, the fire,
And vtter curſes to the concaue ſkie,
Which may infect the aiery regions,
And light vpon the Brittain *Locrines* head?

You

You vgly ſprites that in *Cocitus* mourne,
And gnaſh your teeth with dolorous laments,
Yea fearfull dogs that in black *Læthe* howle,
And ſcare the ghoaſts with your wide open throats,
You vgly ghoaſts that flying from theſe dogs,
Do plunge your ſelues in *Puryflegiton*,
Come all of you, and with your ſhriking notes
Accompaie the Brittaines conquering hoaſt.
Come fierce *Erinnis* horrible with ſnakes,
Come vgly Furies, armed with your whippes,
You threefold iudges of black *Tartarus*,
And all the armie of you helliſh fiends,
With new found tormẽts rack proud *Locrins* bones
O gods, and ſtarres, damned be the gods & ſtarres
That did not drowne me in faire *Thetis* plaines.
Curſt be the ſea that with outragious waues
With ſurging billowes did not riue my ſhippes
Againſt the rocks of high *Cerannia*,
Or ſwallowed me into her watrie gulfe,
Would God we had arriu'd vpon the ſhore
Where *Poliphlemus* and the *Cyclops* dwell,
Or where the bloodie *Anthropomphagie*
With greedie iawes deuours the wandring wights,

Enter the ghoaſt of *Albanact.*

But why comes *Albanacts* bloodie ghoaſt,
To bring a corſiue to our miſeries?
Iſt not inough to ſuffer ſhamefull flight,
But we muſt be tormented now with ghoaſts,
With apparitions fearfull to behold.

Ghoaſt. Reuenge, reuenge for blood.

Hum. So nought wil ſatiſfie your wandring ghoſt

But dire reuenge, nothing but *Humbers* fall,
Becauſe he conquerd you in *Albany*.
Now by my ſoule *Humber* would be condemn'd
To *Tantals* hunger or *Ixions* wheele,
Or to the vultur of *Prometheus*,
Rather then that this murther were vndone.
When as I die ile dragge thy curſed ghoaſt
Through all the riuers of foule *Erebus*,
Through burning ſulphur of the Limbo-lake,
To allaie the burning furie of that heate
That rageth in mine euerlaſting ſoule.

Exeunt.

Alba. ghoſt. Vindicta, vindicta.

Act IV sc. i

The 4. Act. Scene 1.

Enter *Ate* as before. Then let their follow *Omphale* daughter to the king of *Lydia*, hauing a club in her hand, and a lions ſkinne on her back, *Hercules* following with a diſtaffe. Then let *Omphale* turn about, and taking off her pantofle, ſtrike *Hercules* on the head, then let them depart. *Ate* remaining, ſaying;

Quem non Argolici mandata ſeuera Tyranni,
Non potuit Iuno vincere, vicit amor.

Stout *Hercules* the mirrour of the world,
Sonne to *Alcmena* and great *Iupiter*,
After ſo many conqueſts wonne in field,

After

After ſo many monſters queld by force,
Yeelded his valiant heart to *Omphale*,
A fearfull woman voyd of manly ſtrength,
She tooke the club, and ware the lions ſkinne,
He tooke the wheele, and maidenly gan ſpinne.
So martiall *Locrine* cheerd with victorie,
Falleth in loue with *Humbers* concubine,
And ſo forgetteth peerleſſe *Guendoline*.
His vncle *Corineus* ſtormes at this,
And forceth *Locrine* for his grace to ſue,
Loe here the ſumme, the proceſſe doth enſue.

Exit.

The 2. Scene.

Act IV sc. ii

Enter *Locrine*, *Camber*, *Corineus*, *Aſſaracus*, *Thraſimachus*, and the ſouldiers.

Loc. Thus from the fury of *Bellonas* broiles,
With ſound of drumme and trumpets melodie,
The Brittaine king returnes triumphanly,
The Scithians ſlaine with great occiſion,
Do æqualize the graſſe in multitude,
And with their biood haue ſtaind the ſtreaming (brookes,
Offering their bodies and their deareſt blood
As ſacrifice to *Albanactus* ghoaſt,
Now curſed *Humber* haſt thou payd thy due,
For thy deceits and craftie trecheries,
For all thy guiles, and damned ſtratagems,
With loſſe of life, and euerduring ſhame.
Where are thy horſes trapt with burniſht gold,

Thy trampling courſers rulde with foming bits?
Where are thy ſouldiers ſtrong and numberleſſe,
Thy valiant captains and thy noble peeres?
Euen as the countrie clownes with ſharpeſt ſithes
Do mowe the withered graſſe from off the earth,
Or as the ploughman with his piercing ſhare
Renteth the bowels of the fertile fields,
And rippeth vp the rootes with razours keene.
So *Locrine* with his mightie curtleaxe,
Hath cropped off the heads of all thy *Hunnes*,
So *Locrines* peeres haue daunted all thy peeres,
And droue thine hoaſt vnto confuſion,
That thou maiſt ſuffer penance for thy fault,
And die for murdring valiant *Albanact*.
Cori. And thus, yea thus ſhall all the reſt be ſeru'd
That ſeeke to enter *Albion* gainſt our willes.
If the braue nation of the *Troglodites*,
If all the coleblacke *Aethiopians*,
If all the forces of the *Amazons*,
If all the hoſtes of the Barbarian lands,
Should dare to enter this our little world,
Soone ſhould they rue their ouerbold attempts,
That after vs our progenie may ſay,
There lie the beaſts that ſought to vſurp our land.
Loc. I they are beaſts that ſeeke to vſurp our land,
And like to brutiſh beaſts they ſhall be ſeru'd.
For mightie *Ioue* the ſupreame king of heauen,
That guides the concourſe of the *Metiors*,
And rules the motion of the azure skie,
Fights alwaies for the Brittaines ſafetie.
But ſtaie, mee thinkes I heare ſome ſhriking noiſe,

That

That draweth neare to our pauillion.
Enter the ſouldiers leading in *Estrild.*
Estrild. What prince ſo ere adornd with golden
Doth ſway the regall ſceptler in his hand:
And thinks no chance can euer throw him downe,
Or that his ſtate ſhall euerlaſting ſtand,
Let him behold poore *Eſtrild* in this plight,
The perfect platforme of a troubled wight.
Once was I guarded with manortiall bands,
Compaſt with princes of the noble blood,
Now am I fallen into my foemens hands,
And with my death muſt pacifie their mood.
O life the harbour of calamities,
O death the hauen of all miſeries,
I could compare my ſorrowes to thy woe,
Thou wretched queen of wretched *Pergamus*,
But that thou viewdſt thy enemies ouerthrow,
Nigh to the rocke of high *Caphareus*,
Thou ſawſt their death, and then departedſt thence.
I muſt abide the victors inſolence.
The gods that pittied thy continuall griefe,
Tranſformd thy corps, and with thy corps thy care,
Poore *Eſtrild* liues diſpairing of reliefe,
For friends in trouble are but fewe and rare.
What ſaid I fewe? I fewe or none at all,
For cruell death made hauock of them all.
Thrice happie they whoſe fortune was ſo good,
To end their liues, and with their liues their woes,
Thrice hapleſſe I, whome fortune ſo withſtood,
That cruelly ſhe gaue me to my foes.
Oh ſouldiers is there any miſerie,

To be comparde to fortunes trecherie.
Loc. Camber, this ſame ſhuld be the Scithiã queen.
Cam. So may we iudge by her lamenting words.
Loc. So faire a dame mine eies did neuer ſee,
With floods of woes ſhe ſeems orewhelmed to bee
Cam. O *Locrine* hath ſhe not a cauſe for to be ſad?
Locrine at one ſide of the ſtage.
If ſhe haue cauſe to weepe for *Humbers* death,
And ſhead ſault teares for her ouerthrow,
Locrine may well bewaile his proper griefe,
Locrine may moue his owne peculiar woe,
He being conquerd died a ſpeedie death,
And felt not long his lamentable ſmart,
I being conqueror, liue a lingring life,
And feele the force of *Cupids* ſuddaine ſtroke.
I gaue him cauſe to die a ſpeedie death,
He left me cauſe to wiſh a ſpeedie death.
Oh that ſweete face painted with natures dye,
Thoſe roſeall cheeks mizt with a ſnowy white,
That decent necke ſurpaſsing yuorie,
Thoſe comely breſts which *Venus* well might ſpite,
Are like to ſnares which wylie fowlers wrought,
Wherein my yeelding heart is priſoner cought.
The golden treſſes of her daintie haire
Which ſhine like rubies glittering with the ſunne,
Haue ſo entrapt poore *Locrines* louefick heart,
That from the ſame no way it can be wonne.
How true is that which oft I heard declard,
One dramme of ioy, muſt haue a pound of care.
Eſtr. Hard is their fall who from a golden crown
Are caſt into a ſea of wretchedneſſe.

Loc.

Loc. Hard is their thrall who by *Cupids* frowne
Are wrapt in waues of endleſſe carefulneſſe.
Eſtr. Oh kingdome obiect to all miſeries.
Loc. Oh loue, the extreemſt of all extremities.
Let him go into his chaire.
A ſold. My Lord, in ranſacking the Scithian tents
I found this Ladie, and to manifeſt
That earneſt zeale I beare vnto your grace,
I here preſent her to your maieſtie. (firſt,
Another ſold. He lies my Lord, I found the Ladie
And here preſent her to your maieſtie. (prize?
1. *Sold.* Preſumptuous villaine wilt thou take my
2. *Sol.* Nay rather thou depriueſt me of my right.
1. *Sol.* Reſigne thy title (catiue) vnto me,
Or with my ſword ile pearce thy cowards loines.
2. *Sol.* Soft words good ſir, tis not inogh to ſpeak
A barking dog doth ſildome ſtrangers bite.
Loc. Vnreuerent villains, ſttiue you in our ſight?
Take them hence Iaylor to the dungeon,
There let them lie and trie their quarrell out.
But thou faire princeſſe be no whit diſmayd,
But rather ioy that *Locrine* fauours thee.
Eſtr. How can he fauor me that ſlew my ſpouſe?
Loc. The chance of war (my loue) tooke him frõ
Eſt. But *Locrine* was the cauſer of his death. (thee
Loc. He was an enemy to *Locrines* ſtate,
And ſlue my noble brother *Albanact.*
Eſtr. But he was linckt to me in marriage bond,
And would you haue me loue his ſlaughterer?
Loc. Better to liue, then not to liue at all.

Eſtrild. Better to die renownd for chaſtitie,
Then liue with ſhame and endleſſe infamie.
What would the common ſort report of me,
If I forget my loue, and cleaue to thee?
Loc. Kings need not feare the vulgar ſentences.
Eſtr. But Ladies muſt regard their honeſt name.
Loc. Is it a ſhame to liue in marriage bonds?
Eſtr. No, but to be a ſtrumpet to a king.
Loc. If thou wilt yeeld to *Locrines* burning loue,
Thou ſhalt be queene of faire *Albania.*
Eſtr. But *Guendoline* will vndermine my ſtate.
Lo. Vpon mine honor thou ſhalt haue no harme.
Eſt. Then lo braue *Locrine*, *Eſtrild* yeelds to thee,
And by the gods whom thou doeſt inuocate,
By the dead ghoaſt of thy deceaſed ſire,
By thy right hand and by thy burning loue,
Take pitie on poore *Eſtrilds* wretched thrall.
Cori. Hath *Locrine* then forgot his *Guendoline*,
That thus he courts the Scithians paramore?
VVhat are the words of *Brute* ſo ſoone forgot?
Are my deſerts ſo quickly out of minde?
Haue I bene faithfull to thy ſire now dead,
Haue I protected thee from *Humbers* hands,
And doeſt thou quite me with vngratitude?
Is this the guerdon for my greeuous wounds,
Is this the honour for my labors paſt?
Now by my ſword, *Locrine* I ſweare to thee,
This iniury of thine ſhall be repaide.
Loc. Vncle, ſcorne you your royall ſoueraigne,
As if we ſtood for cyphers in the court?
Vpbraid you me with thoſe your benefits?

VVhy

Why it was a ſubiects dutie ſo to do.
What you haue done for our deceaſed ſire,
We know, and all know you haue your reward.
Cori. Auaunt proud princoxe, brau'ſt thou me
Aſſure thy ſelf though thou be Emperor (withall,
Thou nere ſhalt carry this vnpuniſhed.
Cam. Pardon my brother noble *Corineus*,
Pardon this once and it ſhall be amended.
Aſſar. Couſin remember *Brutus* lateſt words,
How he deſired you to cheriſh them,
Let not this fault ſo much incenſe your minde,
Which is not yet paſſed all remedie.
Cori. Then *Locrine*, loe I reconcile my ſelfe,
But as thou lou'ſt thy life, ſo loue thy wife:
But if thou violate thoſe promiſes,
Blood and reuenge ſhall light vpon thy head.
Come let vs backe to ſtately *Troinouant*,
Where all theſe matters ſhall be ſetteled.

Locrine to himſelfe.

Millions of diuels wayt vpon thy ſoule.
Legions of ſpirits vexe thy impious ghoaſt.
Ten thouſand torments rack thy curſed bones.
Let euerie thing that hath the vſe of breath,
Be inſtruments and workers of thy death.

Exeunt.

The 3. Scene. *Act IV sc. iii*

Enter *Humber* alone, his haire hanging ouer his ſhoulders, his armes all bloodie, and a dart in one hand.

Hum. What baſiliſkt was hatched in this place,

Where euerie thing conſumed is to nought?
What fearefull Furie haunts theſe curſed groues,
Where not a roote is left for *Humbers* meate?
Hath fell *Alecto* with inuenomed blaſts,
Breathed forth poyſon in theſe tender plaines?
Hath triple *Cerberus* with contagious ſome,
Sowde *Aconitum* mongſt theſe withered hearbes?
Hath dreadfull *Fames* with her charming rods
Brought barreinneſſe on euery fruitfull tree?
What not a roote, no frute, no beaſt, no bird,
To nouriſh *Humber* in this wilderneſſe?
What would you more you fiends of *Erebus*,
My verie intralls burne for want of drinke,
My bowels crie, *Humber* giue vs ſome meate,
But wretched *Humber* can giue you no meate,
Theſe foule accurſed groues affoord no meat.
This fruitles ſoyle, this groũd brings forth no meat.
The gods, hard harted gods, yeeld me no meat.
Then how can *Humber* giue you any meat?

Enter *Strumbo* with a pitchforke, and a ſcotch-cap, ſaying:

How do you maiſters, how do you? how haue you ſcaped hanging this long time? yfaith I haue ſcapt many a ſcouring this yeare, but I thanke God I haue paſt them all with a good couragio, couragio, & my wife & I are in great loue and charitie now, I thank my manhood & my ſtrength, for I wil tell you maiſters, vpon a certain day at night I came home, to ſay the verie truth, with my ſtomacke full of wine, and ran vp into the chamber where my wife ſoberly ſate rocking

rocking my little babie, leaning her back againſt the bed, ſinging lullabie. Now when ſhe ſaw me come with my noſe formoſt, thinking that I bin drunk, as I was indeed, ſnatcht vp a fagot ſtick in her hand, and came furiouſly marching towards me with a bigge face, as though ſhee would haue eaten mee at a bit; thundering out theſe words vnto me. Thou drunken knaue where haſt thou bin ſo long? I ſhall teach thee how to benight mee an other time; and ſo ſhee began to play knaues trumps. Now althogh I trembled fearing ſhe would ſet her ten commandements in my face, ran within her, and taking her luſtily by the midle, I carried her valiantly to the bed, and flinging her vpon it, flung my ſelfe vpon her, and there I delighted her ſo with the ſport I made, that euer after ſhe wold call me ſweet husband, and ſo baniſht brawling for euer: and to ſee the good will of the wench, ſhe bought with her portion a yard of land, and by that I am now become one of the richeſt mẽ in our pariſh. Well maſters whats a clocke, it is now breakfaſt time, you ſhall ſee what meat I haue here for my breakfaſt.

Let him ſit downe and pull out his vittailes.

Hum. Was euer land ſo fruitleſſe as this land?
Was euer groue ſo graceleſſe as this groue?
Was euer ſoyle ſo barrein as this ſoyle?
Oh no: the land where hungry *Fames* dwelt,
May no wiſe æqualize this curſed land,
No euen the climat of the torrid zone
Brings forth more fruit then this accurſed groue.

Nere came ſweet *Ceres*, nere came *Venus* here,
Triptolemus the god of husbandmen,
Nere ſowd his ſeed in this foule wilderneſſe.
The hunger-bitten dogs of *Acheron*,
Chaſt from the ninefold *Puriflegiton*,
Haue ſet their footeſteps in this damned ground.
The yron harted Furies arm'd with ſnakes,
Scattered huge *Hidras* ouer all the plaines,
which haue cõſum'd the graſſe, the herbes, the trees
which haue drunke vp the flowing water ſprings.

Strumbo hearing his voice ſhall ſtart vp and put meat in his pocket, ſeeking to hide himſelfe.

Hum. Thou great commander of the ſtarry ſkie,
That guid'ſt the life of euerie mortall wight
From the incloſures of the fleeting clouds,
Raine downe ſome foode, or elſe I faint and die.
Powre downe ſome drinke, or elſe I faint and die.
O *Iupiter* haſt thou ſent *Mercury*
In clowniſh ſhape to miniſter ſome foode?
Some meate, ſome meate, ſome meate.

Strum. O alaſſe ſir, ye are deceiued, I am not *Mercury*, I am *Strumbo*.

Hum. Giue me ſom meat vilain, giue me ſom meat,
Or gainſt this rock, Ile daſh thy curſed braines,
And rent thy bowels with my bloodie hands.
Giue me ſome meat villaine, giue me ſome meat.

Strum. By the faith of my bodie good fellow, I had rather giue an whole oxe then that thou ſhuldſt ſerue me in that ſort. Daſh out my braines? O horrible,

ble, terrible. I thinke I haue a quarry of ſtones in my pocket.

Let him make as though hee would giue him ſome, and as he putteth out his hand, enter the ghoaſt of *Albanact*, and ſtrike him on the hand, and ſo *Strumbo* runnes out, *Humber* following him.

Exit.

Alba. ghoſt. Loe here the gift of fell ambition,
Of vſurpation and of trecherie.
Loe here the harmes that wait vpon all thoſe
That do intrude themſelues in others lands,
Which are not vnder their dominion.

Exit.

The 4. Scene. *Act IV sc. iv*

Enter *Locrine* alone.

Loc. Seuen yeares hath aged *Corineus* liu'd
To *Locrines* griefe, and faire *Eſtrildas* woe,
And ſeuen yeares more he hopeth yet to liue,
Oh ſupreme *Ioue*, annihilate this thought.
Should he enioy the aires fruition?
Should he enioy the benefit of life?
Should he contemplate the radiant ſonne,
That makes my life equall to dreadfull death?
Venus conuay this monſter fro the earth,
That diſobeieth thus thy ſacred heſts.
Cupid conuay this monſter to darke hell,
That diſanulls thy mothers ſugred lawes.
Mars with thy target all beſet wiih flames,

With murthering blade bereaue him of his life,
That hindreth *Locrine* in his ſweeteſt ioyes.
And yet for all his diligent aſpect,
His wrathfull eies piercing like *Lynces* eies,
VVell haue I ouermatcht his ſubtiltie.
Nigh *Deucolitum* by the pleaſant Lee,
where brackiſh *Thamis* ſlides with ſiluer ſtreames,
Making a breach into the graſsie downes,
A curious arch of coſtly marble fraught,
Hath *Locrine* framed vnderneath the ground,
The walls whereof, garniſh with diamonds,
VVith ophirs, rubies, gliſtering emeralds,
And interlaſt with ſun-bright carbuncles,
Lighten the roome with artificiall day,
And from the Lee with water-flowing pipes
The moiſture is deriu'd into this arch
VVhere I haue placed faire *Eſtrild* ſecretly,
Thither eftſoones accompanied with my page,
I couertly viſit my harts deſire,
VVithout ſuſpition of the meaneſt eie,
For loue aboundeth ſtill with pollicie:
And thither ſtill meanes *Locrine* to repaire,
Till *Atropos* cut off mine vncles life.

Exit.

Act IV sc. v

The 5. Scene.

Enter *Humber* alone, ſaying;

Hum. O vita miſero longa, fœlici breuis,
Ehen malorem fames extremum malum.

Long haue I liued in this deſart caue,
VVith eating hawes and miſerable rootes,

Deuou-

Deuouring leaues and beaſtly excrements.
Caues were my beds, and ſtones my pillowbeares,
Feare was my ſleep, and horror was my dreame,
For ſtill me thought at euery boiſterous blaſt
Now *Locrine* comes, now *Humber* thou muſt die:
So that for feare and hunger, *Humbers* minde
Can neuer reſt, but alwaies trembling ſtands.
O what *Danubius* now may quench my thirſt?
VVhat *Euphrates*, what lightfoot *Euripus*,
May now allaie the furie of that heat,
VVhich raging in my entralls eates me vp?
You gaſtly diuels of the ninefold *Stickes*,
You damned ghoaſts of ioyleſſe *Acheron*,
You mournfull ſoules, vext in *Abiſſus* vaults,
You coleblack diuels of *Auernus* pond,
Come with your fleſhhooks, rent my famiſht arms,
Theſe armes that haue ſuſtaind their maiſters life,
Come with your raiſours, rippe my bowels vp,
VVith your ſharp fireforks crack my ſterued bones,
Vſe me as you will, ſo *Humber* may not liue.
Accurſed gods that rule the ſtarry poles,
Accurſed *Ioue* king of the curſed gods,
Caſt downe your lightning on poore *Humbers* head,
That I may leaue this deathlike life of mine,
VVhat heare you not, and ſhall not *Humber* die?
Nay I will die though all the gods ſay nay.
And gentle *Aby* take my troubled corps,
Take it and keep it from all mortall eies,
That none may ſay when I haue loſt my breath,
The very flouds conſpirde gainſt *Humbers* death.

Fling himſelfe into the riuer.

Enter

Enter the ghoaſt of *Albanact.*

En cædem ſequitur, cædes in cæde quieſco.

Humber is dead, ioy heauens, leap earth, dance trees,
Now maiſt thou reach thy apples *Tantalus,*
And with them feed thy hunger-bitten limmes.
Now *Siſiphus* leaue tumbling of thy rock,
And reſt thy reſtleſſe bones vpon the ſame.
Vnbind *Ixion* cruell *Rhadamanth,*
And laie proud *Humber* on the whirling wheele.
Backe will I poſt to hell mouth *Tænarus,*
And paſſe *Cocitus,* to the Elyſian fields,
And tell my father *Brutus* of theſe newes.

Exit.

Act V sc. i

The 5. Act. Scene 1.

Enter *Ate* as before. *Iaſon* leading *Creons* daughter. *Medea* following, hath a garland in her hand, and putting it on *Creons* daughters head, ſetteth it on fire, and then killing *Iaſon* and her, departeth.

Ate. *Non tam Tincriis exceſtuat Aetna cauernis,*
Læſæ furtiuo quam cor mulieris amore.

Medea ſeeing *Iaſon* leaue her loue,
And chooſe the daughter of the *Thebane* king,
Went to her diuelliſh charmes to worke reuenge,
And raiſing vp the triple *Hecate,*
With all the rout of the condemned fiends,
Framed a garland by her magick ſkill,
With which ſhe wrought *Iaſon* and *Creons* ill.
So *Guendoline* ſeeing her ſelfe miſvſ'd,
And *Humbers* paramour poſſeſſe her place,

Flies

the eldeſt ſonne to King Brutus.
Flies to the dukedome of *Cornubia*,
And with her brother ſtout *Thraſimachus*,
Gathering a power of Corniſh ſouldiers,
Giues battaile to her huſband and his hoſte,
Nigh to the riuer of great *Mertia*,
The chances of this diſmall maſſacre,
That which inſueth ſhortly will vnfold. (*Exit.*

The 2. Scene. *Act V ſc. ii*

Enter *Locrine*, *Camber*, *Aſſarachus*, *Thraſimachus*.

Aſſa. But tell me couſin, died by brother ſo?
Now who is left to helpleſſe *Albion*,
That as a piller might vphold our ſtate,
That might ſtrike terror to our daring foes?
Now who is left to hapleſſe *Brittanie*,
That might defend her from the barbarous hands
Of thoſe that ſtill deſire her ruinous fall,
And ſeeke to worke her downfall and decaie?

Cam. I vncle death is our common enemie,
And none but death can match our matchles power
Witneſſe the fall of *Albioneus* crewe,
Witneſſe the fall of *Humber* and his *Humes*,
And this foule death hath now increaſt our woe,
By taking *Corineus* from this life,
And in his roome leauing vs worlds of care.

Thra. But none may more bewaile his mournful hearſe,
Then I that am the iſſue of his loines,
Now foule befall that curſed *Humbers* throat,
That was the cauſer of his lingring wound.

Lo. Teares cannot raiſe him from the dead again,
But wher's my Ladie miſtreſſe *Guendoline*?
Thra. In Cornwall *Locrine* is my ſiſter now,
Prouiding for my fathers funerall.
Lo. And let her ther prouide her mourning weeds
And mourne for euer her owne widdow-hood.
Ner ſhall ſhe come within our pallace gate,
To countercheck braue *Locrine* in his loue.
Go boy to *Deucolitum*, downe the Lee,
Vnto the arch where louely *Eſtrild* lies,
Bring her and *Sabren* ſtrait vnto the court,
She ſhall be queene in *Gnendolinas* roome.
Let others waile for *Corineus* death,
I meane not ſo to macerate my minde,
For him that bard me from my hearts deſire.
Thra. Hath *Locrine* then forſooke his *Guendoline*?
Is *Corineus* death ſo ſoone forgot?
If there be gods in heauen, as ſure there be,
If there be fiends in hell, as needs there muſt,
They will reuenge this thy notorious wrong,
And powre their plagues vpon thy curſed head.
Loc. What prat'ſt thou peſant to thy ſoueraigne?
Or art thou ſtrooken in ſome extaſie?
Doeſt thou not tremble at our royall lookes?
Doſt thou not quake when mighty *Locrine* frowns?
Thou beardleſſe boy, wert not that *Locrine* ſcornes
To vexe his mind with ſuch a hartleſſe childe,
With the ſharpe point of this my battale-axe,
I would ſend thy ſoule to *Puriſlegiton.*
Thra. Though I be yoong and of a tender age,
Yet will I cope with *Locrine* when he dares.

My

My noble father with his conquering ſword,
Slew the two giants kings of *Aquitaine.*
Thraſimachus is not ſo degenerate
That he ſhould feare and tremble at the lookes
Or taunting words of a venerian ſquire.
Loc. Menaceſt thou thy roiall ſoueraigne,
Vnciuill, not beſeeming ſuch as you.
Iniurious traitor (for he is no leſſe
That at defiance ſtandeth with his king) (words,
Leaue theſe thy tauntes, leaue theſe thy bragging
Vnleſſe thou meane to leaue thy wretched life.
Thra. If princes ſtaine their glorious dignitie
With ougly ſpots of monſtrous infamie,
They leeſe their former eſtimation,
And throw themſelues into a hell of hate.
Loc. Wilt thou abuſe my gentle patience,
As though thou didſt our high diſpleaſure ſcorne?
Proud boy, ẏ thou maiſt know thy prince is mou'd,
Yea greatly mou'd at this thy ſwelling pride,
We baniſh thee for euer from our court.
Thra. Then loſell *Locrine*, looke vnto thy ſelfe,
Thraſimachus will venge this iniurie. (*Exit.*
Lo. Farwel proud boy, and learn to vſe thy toong.
Aſſa. Alas my Lord, you ſhuld haue cald to mind
The lateſt words that *Brutus* ſpake to you,
How he deſirde you by the obedience
That children ought to beare vnto their ſire,
To loue and fauour Ladie *Guendoline*,
Conſider this, that if the iniurie
Do mooue her mind, as certainly it will,
Warre and diſſention followes ſpeedely.

What though her power be not ſo great as yours,
Haue you not ſeene a mightie elephant
Slaine by the biting of a ſilly mouſe?
Euen ſo the chance of warre inconſtant is.
Loc. Peace vncle peace, and ceaſe to talke hereof,
For he that ſeekes by whiſpering this or that,
To trouble *Locrine* in his ſweeteſt life,
Let him perſwade himſelfe to die the death.

Enter the Page, with *Eſtrild* and *Sabren*.

Eſtr. O ſay me Page, tell me where is the king,
Wherefore doth he ſend for me to the court,
Is it to die, is it to end my life,
Say me ſweete boy, tell me and do not faine?
Page. No truſt me madame, if you will credit the little honeſtie that is yet left me, there is no ſuch danger as you feare, but prepare your ſelfe, yonders the king.
Eſtr. Then *Eſtrild* lift thy dazled ſpirits vp,
And bleſſe that bleſſed time, that day, that houre,
That warlike *Locrine* firſt did fauour thee.
Haue to the king of *Brittany* my loue,
Haue to all thoſe that loue and fauour him.

Locrine taking her vp.

Doth *Eſtrild* fall with ſuch ſubmiſsion
Beſeeme her ſeruant king of *Albion*?
Ariſe faire Ladie, leaue this lowly cheare,
Lift vp thoſe lookes that cherish *Locrines* heart,
That I may freely view that roſeall face,
Which ſo intangled hath my louefick breſt,
Now to the court where we will court it out,
And paſſe the night and day in *Venus* ſports.

Frollick

the eldeſt ſonne to King Brutus.
Frollick braue peeres, be ioyfull with your king.
Exeunt.

The 3. Scene. Enter *Guendoline*, *Thraſimachus*, *Madan*, and the ſouldiers. (blaſts, *Act V sc. iii*

Guen. You gentle winds that with your modeſt
Paſſe through the circuit of the heauenly vault,
Enter the clouds vnto the throne of *Ioue*,
And beare my praiers to his all hearing eares,
For *Locrine* hath forſaken *Guendoline*,
And learne to loue proud *Humbers* concubine.
You happie ſprites that in the concaue ſkie
With pleaſant ioy, enioy your ſweeteſt loue,
Shead foorth thoſe teares with me, which then you
Whẽ firſt you wood your ladies to your wils, (ſhed
Thoſe teares are fitteſt for my wofull caſe,
Since *Locrine* ſhunnes my nothing pleaſant face.
Bluſh heauens, bluſh ſunne, and hide thy ſhining
Shadow thy radiãt locks in gloomy clouds, (beams,
Denie thy cheerfull light vnto the world,
VVhere nothing raigns but falſhood and deceit.
VVhat ſaid I, falſhood? I that filthie crime,
For *Locrine* hath forſaken *Guendoline*.
Behold the heauens do waile for *Guendoline*.
The ſhining ſunne doth bluſh for *Guendoline*.
The liquid aire doth weep for *Guendoline*.
The verie ground doth grone for *Guendoline*.
I they are milder then the Brittaine king,
For he reiecteth luckleſſe *Guendoline*.

Thra. Siſter, complaints are bootleſſe in this cauſe,
This open wrong muſt haue an open plague:
This plague muſt be repaid with grieuous warre,

This warre muſt finiſh with *Locrinus* death,
His death will ſoone extinguiſh our complaints.
Guen. O no, his death wil more augment my woes,
He was my huſband braue *Thraſimachus*,
More deare to me then the apple of mine eie,
Nor can I finde in heart to worke his ſcathe.
Thra. Madame if not your proper iniuries,
Nor my exile, can moue you to reuenge,
Thinke on our father *Corineus* words,
His words to vs ſtands alwaies for a lawe,
Should *Locrine* liue that cauſ'd my fathers death?
Should *Locrine* liue that now diuorceth you?
The heauens, the earth, the aire, the fire reclaimes,
And then why ſhould all we denie the ſame?
Guen. Then henceforth farwel womaniſh com-
All childiſh pitie henceforth then farwel: (plaints,
But curſed *Locrine* looke vnto thy ſelfe,
For *Nemeſis* the miſtreſſe of reuenge,
Sits arm'd at all points on our diſmall blades,
And curſed *Estrild* that inflamed his heart,
Shall if I liue, die a reproachfull death.
Madan. Mother, though nature makes me to la-
My luckleſſe fathers froward lecherie, (ment,
Yet for he wrongs my Ladie mother thus,
I if I could, my ſelfe would worke his death.
Thra. See madame ſee, the deſire of reuenge
Is in the children of a tender age.
Forward braue ſouldiers into *Mertia*,
Where we ſhall braue the coward to his face.

Exeunt.

The

The 4. Scene. *Act V*

Enter *Locrine*, *Eſtrild*, *Habren*, *Aſſarachus*, *sc. iv*
and the ſouldiers. 1971

Loc. Tell me *Aſſarachus*, are the Corniſh chuffes
In ſuch great number come to *Mertia*,
And haue they pitched there their pettie hoſte,
So cloſe vnto our royall manſion.
Aſſa. They are my Lord, and meane incontinent
To bid defiance to your maieſtie.
Loc. It makes me laugh, to thinke that *Guendoline*
Should haue the hart to come in armes gainſt me.
Eſtr. Alas my Lord, the horſe wil runne amaine 1980
When as the ſpurre doth gall him to the bone;
Iealouſie *Locrine* hath a wicked ſting.
Lac. Saiſt thou ſo *Eſtrild*, beauties paragon?
Well we will trie her chollor to the proofe,
And make her know *Locrine* can brooke no braues.
March on *Aſſarachus*, thou muſt lead the way,
And bring vs to their proud pauillion. (*Exeunt.*

The 5. Scene. *Act V*

Enter the ghoſt of *Corineus*, with thunder & lighte- *sc. v*
Ghoſt. Behold the circuit of the azure ſky, (ning. 1990
Throwes forth ſad throbs, and grieuous ſuſpirs,
Preiudicating *Locrines* ouerthrow,
The fire caſteth forth ſharpe dartes of flames,
The great foundation of the triple world,
Trembleth and quaketh with a mightie noiſe,
Preſaging bloodie maſſacres at hand.
The wandring birds that flutter in the darke,
When helliſh night in cloudie charriot ſeated,

Caſteth

Caſteth her miſts on ſhadie *Tellus* face,
VVith ſable mantels couering all the earth,
Now flies abroad amid the cheerfull day,
Foretelling ſome vnwonted miſerie.
The ſnarling curres of darkened *Tartarus*,
Sent from *Auernus* ponds by *Radamanth*,
VVith howling ditties peſter euerie wood,
The watrie ladies and the lightfoote fawnes,
And all the rabble of the wooddie Nymphs,
All trembling hide themſelues in ſhadie groues,
And ſhrowd themſelues in hideous hollow pitts.
The boyſterous *Boreas* thundreth forth reuenge.
The ſtonie rocks crie out on ſharpe reuenge.
The thornie buſh pronounceth dire reuenge.
Sound the alarme.
Now *Corineus* ſtaie and ſee reuenge,
And feede thy ſoule with *Locrines* ouerthrow.
Behold they come, the trumpets call them foorth.
The roaring drummes ſummon the ſouldiers.
Loe where their army gliſtereth on the plaines,
Throw forth thy lightning mightie *Iupiter*,
And powre thy plagues on curſed *Locrines* head.
Stand a ſide.

Enter *Locrine*, *Eſtrild*, *Aſſaracus*, *Habren* and their ſoldiers at one doore, *Thraſimachus*, *Guendolin*, *Madan* and their followers at an other.

Loc. VVhat is the tigre ſtarted from his caue?
Is *Guendoline* come from *Cornubia*,
That thus ſhe braueth *Locrine* to the teeth?
And haſt thou found thine armour prettie boy,
Accompanied with theſe thy ſtragling mates?

Beleeue

Beleeue me but this enterpriſe was bold,
And well deſerueth commendation.
Guen. I *Locrine*, traiterous *Locrine* we are come,
With full pretence to ſeeke thine ouerthrow,
What haue I don that thou ſhouldſt ſcorn me thus?
What haue I ſaid that thou ſhouldſt me reiect?
Haue I bene diſobedient to thy words?
Haue I bewrayd thy Arcane ſecrecie?
Haue I diſhonoured thy marriage bed
With filthie crimes, or with laſciuious luſts?
Nay it is thou that haſt diſhonoured it,
Thy filthie minde orecome with filthie luſts,
Yeeldeth vnto affections filthie darts.
Vnkind, thou wrongſt thy firſt and trueſt feer,
Vnkind, thou wrongſt thy beſt and deareſt friend.
Vnkind, thou ſcornſt all ſkilfull *Brutus* lawes,
Forgetting father, vncle, and thy ſelfe.
Eſtr. Beleeue me *Locrine* but the girle is wiſe,
And well would ſeeme to make a vaſtall Nunne,
How finely frames ſhe her oration.
Thra. Locrin we came not here to fight with words
Words that can neuer winne the victorie,
But for you are ſo merie in your frumpes,
Vnſheath your ſwords, and trie it out by force,
That we may ſee who hath the better hand.
Loc. Thinkſt thou to dare me bold *Thraſimachus*?
Thinkſt thou to feare me with thy taunting braues,
Or do we ſeeme too weake to cope with thee?
Soone ſhall I ſhew thee my fine cutting blade,
And with my ſword the meſſenger of death,
Seal thee an acquitãce for thy bold attempts. *Exeũt.*

Act V sc. vi

Sound the alarme. Enter *Locrine*, *Aſſaracus*, and a ſouldier at one doore, *Guendoline*, *Thraſimachus*, at an other, *Locrine* and his followers driuen back. Then let *Locrine* & *Eſtrild* enter again in a maze.

Loc. O faire *Eſtrilda*, we haue loſt the field,
Thraſimachus hath wonne the victorie,
And we are left to be a laughing ſtocke,
Scoft at by thoſe that are our enemies,
Ten thouſand ſouldiers armd with ſword & ſhield,
Preuaile againſt an hundreth thouſand men,
Thraſimachus incenſt with fuming ire,
Rageth amongſt the faintheart ſouldiers
Like to grim *Mars*, when couered with his targe
He fought with *Diomedes* in the field,
Cloſe by the bankes of ſiluer *Simois*,
Sound the alarme.
O louely *Estrild* now the chaſe begins,
Ner ſhall we ſee the ſtately *Traynouant*
Mounted on the courſers garniſht all withpearles,
Ner ſhall we view the faire *Concordia*,
Vnleſſe as captiues we be thither brought.
Shall *Locrine* then be taken priſoner,
By ſuch a yoongling as *Thraſimachus*?
Shall *Guendolina* captiuate my loue?
Ner ſhall mine eies behold that diſmall houre,
Ner will I view that ruthfull ſpectacle,
For with my ſword this ſharpe curtleaxe,
Ile cut in ſunder my accurſed heart.
But O you iudges of the ninefold *Stix*,
Which with inceſſant torments racke the ghoaſts
Within the bottomleſſe *Abiſſus* pits,

You

You gods commanders of the heauenly ſpheres,
Whoſe will and lawes irreuocable ſtands,
Forgiue, forgiue, this foule accurſed ſinne,
Forget O gods this foule condemned fault:
And now my ſword that in ſo many fights (kiſſe his
Haſt ſau'd the life of *Brutus* and his ſonne, (ſword.
End now his life that wiſheth ſtill for death,
Worke now his death that wiſheth ſtill for death,
Worke now his death that hateth ſtill his life.
Farwell faire *Eſtrild*, beauties paragon,
Fram'd in the front of forlorne miſeries,
Ner ſhall mine eies behold thy ſunſhine eies,
But when we meet in the Elyſian fields,
Thither I go before with haſtenened pace.
Farwell vaine world, and thy inticing ſnares.
Forwell foule ſinne, and thy inticing pleaſures.
And welcome death the end of mortall ſmart,
Welcome to *Locrines* ouerburthened hart.
Thruſt himſelfe through with his ſword.
Eſtr. Break hart with ſobs and greeuous ſuſpirs,
Streame forth you teares from forth my watry eies,
Helpe me to mourne for warlike *Locrines* death,
Powre downe your teares you watry regions,
For mightie *Locrine* is bereft of life.
O fickle fortnne, O vnſtable world,
What elſe are all things that this globe containes,
But a confuſed chaos of miſhaps?
VVherein as in a glaſſe we plainly ſee,
That all our life is but as a Tragedie.
Since mightie kings are ſubiect to miſhap,
I mightie kings are ſubiect to miſhap,
Since martiall *Locrine* is bereft of life,

Shall *Eſtrild* liue then after *Locrines* death?
Shall loue of life barre her from *Locrines* ſword?
O no, this ſword that hath bereft his life,
Shall now depriue me of my fleeting ſoule:
Strengthen theſe hands O mightie *Iupiter*,
That I may end my wofull miſerie.
Locrine I come, *Locrine* I follow thee.
Kill her ſelfe.

Sound the alarme. Enter *Sabren.*

Sab. What dolefull ſight, what ruthful ſpectacle
Hath fortune offred to my hapleſſe hart?
My father ſlaine with ſuch a fatall ſword,
My mother murthred by a mortall wound?
What *Thracian* dog, what barbarous *Mirmidon*,
Would not relent at ſuch a ruthfull caſe?
What fierce *Achilles*, what hard ſtonie flint,
Would not bemone this mournfull Tragedie?
Locrine the map of magnanimitie,
Lies ſlaughtered in this foule accurſed caue,
Eſtrild the perfect patterne of renowne,
Natnres ſole wonder, in whoſe bewteous breſts
All heauenly grace and vertue was inſhrinde,
Both maſſacred are dead within this caue,
And with them dies faire *Pallas* and ſweet loue.
Here lies a ſword, and *Sabren* hath a heart,
This bleſſed ſword ſhall cut my curſed heart,
And bring my ſoule vnto my parents ghoaſts,
That they that liue and view our Tragedie,
May mourne our caſe with mournfull plaudities.
Let her offer to kill her ſelfe.
Ay me, my virgins hands are too too weake,

To

To penetrate the bullwarke of my breſt,
My fingers vſde to tune the amorous lute,
Are not of force to hold this ſteely glaine,
So I amlieft to waile my parents death,
Not able for to worke my proper death.
Ah *Locrine* honord for thy nobleneſſe.
Ah *Estrild*, famous for thy conſtancie.
Il may they fare that wrought your mortall ends.

Enter *Guendoline*, *Thraſimachus*, *Madan*, and the ſouldiers.

Guen. Search ſouldiers ſearch, find *Locrin* and his
Find the proud ſtrumpet *Humbers* concubine, (loue,
That I may change thoſe her ſo pleaſing lookes,
To pale and ignominious aſpect.
Find me the iſſue of their curſed loue,
Find me yoong *Sabren*, *Locrines* only ioy,
That I may glut my mind with lukewarme blood,
Swiftly diſtilling from the baſtards breſt,
My fathers ghoaſt ſtil haunts me for reuenge,
Crying, reuenge my ouerhaſtened death,
My brothers exile, and mine owne diuorce,
Baniſh remorſe cleane from my brazen heart,
All mercie from mine adamintiue breſts.

Thra. Nor doth thy huſband louely *Guendoline*,
That wonted was to guide our ſtaileſſe ſteps,
Enioy this light; ſee where he murdred lies:
By luckleſſe lot and froward frowning fate,
And by him lies his louely paramour
Faire *Eſtrild* goared with a diſmall ſword,
And as it ſeemes, both murdred by themſelues,
Claſping each other in their feebled armes,

VVith louing zeale, as if for companie
Their vncontented corpes were yet content
To paſſe foule *Stix* in *Charons* ferry-boat.
Guen. And hath proud *Eſtrild* then preuented me,
Hath ſhe eſcaped *Guendolinas* wrath,
Violently by cutting off her life?
VVould God ſhe had the monſtrous *Hidras* liues,
That euery houre ſhe might haue died a death
VVorſe then the ſwing of old *Ixions* wheele,
And euery houre reuiue to die againe,
As *Titius* bound to houſles *Caucaſon*,
Doth feed the ſubſtance of his owne miſhap,
And euery day for want of foode doth die,
And euery night doth liue againe to die.
But ſtaie, mee thinks I heare ſome fainting voice,
Mournfully weeping for their luckleſſe death.
Sa. You mountain nimphs which in theſe deſarts
Ceaſe off your haſtie chaſe of ſauadge beaſts, (raign,
Prepare to ſee a heart oppreſt with care,
Addreſſe your eares to heare a mournfull ſtile,
No humane ſtrength, no work can work my weale,
Care in my hart ſo tyrantlike doth deale.
You *Driades* and lightfoote *Satiri*,
You gtacious Faries which at euening tide;
Your cloſets leaue with heauenly beautie ſtorde,
And on your ſhoulders ſpread your golden locks,
You ſauadge beares in caues and darkened dennes,
Come waile with me, the martiall *Locrines* death.
Come mourn with me, for beauteous *Eſtrilds* deth.
Ah louing parents little do you know,
what ſorrow *Sabren* ſuffers for your thrall.

Guen.

Guen. But may this be, and is it poſsible,
Liues *Sabren* yet to expiat my wrath?
Fortune I thanke thee for this curteſie,
And let me neuer ſee one proſperous houre,
If *Sabren* die not a reproachfull death.
Sab. Hard harted death, that when the wretched
Art furtheſt off, and ſildom heerſt at all. (call,
But in the midſt of fortunes good ſucceſſe,
Vncalled comes, and ſheeres our life in twaine:
VVhen wil that houre, that bleſſed houre draw nie,
VVhen poore diſtreſſed *Sabren* may be gone.
Sweet *Atropos* cut off my fatall thred,
VVhat art thou death, ſhall not poore *Sabren* die?
Guendoline taking her by the chin ſhall ſay thus.
Guen. Yes damſell yes, *Sabren* ſhall ſurely die,
Though all the world ſhould ſeeke to ſaue her life,
And not a common death ſhall *Sabren* die,
But after ſtrange and greeuous puniſhments
Shortly inflicted vpon thy baſtards head,
Thou ſhalt be caſt into the curſed ſtreames,
And feede the fiſhes with thy tender fleſh.
Sab. And thinſt thou then thou cruell homicid,
That theſe thy deeds ſhall be vnpuniſhed?
No traitor no, the gods will venge theſe wrongs,
The fiends of hell will marke theſe iniuries.
Neuer ſhall theſe blood-ſucking maſtie curres,
Bring wretched *Sabren* to her lateſt home.
For I my ſelfe in ſpite of thee and thine,
Meane to abridge my former deſtenies,
And that which *Locrines* ſword could not perform,
This pleaſant ſtreame ſhall preſent bring to paſſe.
She drowneth her ſelfe.

Guen.

Guen. One miſchiefe followes anothers necke,
VVho would haue thought ſo yoong a mayd as ſhe
VVith ſuch a courage wold haue ſought her death.
And for becauſe this Riuer was the place
VVhere little *Sabren* reſolutely died,
Sabren for euer ſhall this ſame be call'd.
And as for *Locrine* our deceaſed ſpouſe,
Becauſe he was the ſonne of mightie *Brute*,
To whom we owe our country, liues and goods,
He ſhall be buried in a ſtately tombe,
Cloſe by his aged father *Brutus* bones,
VVith ſuch great pomp and great ſolemnitie,
As well beſeemes ſo braue a prince as he.
Let *Eſtrild* lie without the ſhallow vauts,
VVithout the honour due vnto the dead,
Becauſe ſhe was the author of this warre.
Retire braue followers vnto *Troynouant*,
VVhere we will celebrate theſe exequies,
And place yoong *Locrine* in his fathers tombe.

Exeunt omnes.

Act V. ſc. vii

Ate. Lo here the end of lawleſſe trecherie,
Of vſurpation and ambitious pride,
And they that for their priuate amours dare
Turmoile our land, and ſee their broiles abroach,
Let them be warned by theſe premiſſes,
And as a woman was the onely cauſe
That ciuill diſcord was then ſtirred vp,
So let vs pray for that renowned mayd,
That eight and thirtie yeares the ſcepter ſwayd,
In quiet peace and ſweet felicitie,
And euery wight that ſeekes her graces ſmart,
wold that this ſword wer pierced in his hart. (*Exit.*

FINIS.

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